



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE
PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE
OF
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

VOL. XLV.

1921.

No. 2.

JOURNAL OF COL. JOHN MAY, OF BOSTON, RELATIVE
TO A JOURNEY TO THE OHIO COUNTRY, 1789.

Introduction.

Readers of the volume entitled "Col. May's Journeys to the Ohio Country in 1788-'89" have noticed that, while there is a quite full & minute journey relating to the year first named, there is none of the year '89, but only some few letters. When the Journal & Letters of Col. May were published in the Fall of 1873 by the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, it was the belief of the editor that he had in his possession all papers bearing on that portion of his ancestor's life. In that impression he was mistaken. There was then in existence, in the library of Prof. Edward Tuckerman, of Amherst College, another of his grandsons, a journal kept by Col. May in '89. This journal came into the hands of the professor through his mother, Mrs. Sophia Tuckerman (3d daughter of John & Abigail May); & that at times he had thoughts of publishing it; but the multiplication of other cares & duties, and absorption in inquiries connected with other pursuits prevented. Accordingly the MS. was left unused. Meanwhile, illness supervening, necessitated a suspension of all literary labor, & again compelled

Professor Tuckerman to seek in European travel the relief which a tired brain required.

On returning to his native land, later in the season, Professor Tuckerman did not long delay to apprise the writer of the MS. in his possession, nor fail, in the exercise of his wonted kindness, to tender it to him, to be used in such manner as might be desirable. In this way the writer finds himself in possession, altogether unexpectedly, of papers which in 1873 he did not know to exist, & thus enabled to trace Col. May's journeyings & experiences in '89 with as much distinctness and detail as those of '88.

Availing of the opportunity which the printing of the *Journal of '89* furnishes, he uses it to correct an error into which—naturally enough perhaps—he fell, in the absence of all tradition, & all testimony, excepting such as could be gathered from the insufficient documents then in his possession. The error indicated arose from the incorrect dating of a letter (refer to page 119th of the book published at Cincinnati in 1873) which is "Baltimore, April 9th." It should have been May 9th, as comparison with the MS. journal, since brought to light, shows. The theory, therefore, which is introduced to explain the supposed journeyings of Col. May for that season is entirely set aside.

Another error, found at the end of the second paragraph, of the Biographical Sketch, may as well be corrected here as anywhere. It is there stated, erroneously, that Jonathan Sabin, who married Mary, sister of Col. John, was brother to Silas Sabin, who married Prudence, another sister; whereas the relationship between them was so slight that neither of them knew what it was.

Before passing to other matters, we will correct one or two other little errors, made in the setting up of the type. The wrong insertion of a comma gives Dr. Geo. W. May three daughters, instead of two, their

names being, respectively, Sophia Catharine & Juliana Gales. The name of their mother too should be corrected from Catharine F. Lee to Catharine H. Lee.

Another mistake of a similar nature, on page 147 the wrong insertion of a comma, converts three individuals named into four. The passage referred to *should* read "I wrote to him, Nabby, Lucretia Dana, & others:" *i.e.*, strike out the comma between the names Lucretia & Dana.

On page 20, for Col. Richard Hatt read Col. Richard Platt.

Col. John May's Journal of 1789.

Thursday, 23rd April, 1789. Having arranged & settled my affairs at Boston, and shipped goods for Baltimore—in the schooner Rosanna, Jos. Field, Captain—at 7½ in the morning, I left the town, in company with Mr. William Breck, on a tour to Marietta, in the Ohio Country, and Kentucky. In two hours & a half arrived at Coleman's Tavern in Dedham, thirteen miles from Boston, where we oated our horses, & tarried an hour for the arrival of Dr. Downer. Set off from this place at 11 o'clock, and at 12 arrived at Clark's, Medfield, where we dined. Dr. Downer came, and made our company complete. Left Medfield at 2, P.M. and arrived at Taft's in Uxbridge, forty three miles from Boston, at sunset, where we lodged.

Friday, 24th. Rose at 5 o'clock. It rained so very hard from S. E. went to bed again, & slept an hour and half; then got up for the day; but the rain increasing prevented our traveling till afternoon, when it cleared up. We set off, and arrived at Pomfret, Conn. at 7 o'clock, P. M. Lodged at sister Sabin's, and had a good night's sleep.

Saturday, 25th. Rose at 6, A. M. Though the weather was cold & lowering, we pressed on our journey. Breakfast at Dr. Lord's, dinner at Windham, & put up

for the night at Colchester, ninety eight miles from Boston. The day has been a very blustering one.

Sunday, 26th. Rose at 4, A. M. Oated our horses, & were off at 5 o'clock. In three hours we were at Moodus (?) Connecticut river, fourteen miles from our starting place. Here we breakfasted, & on account of the height of the wind, could not cross the river. Staid at Green's tavern on the East side, & kept the Sabbath. However, at half past three in the afternoon, we crossed, without much difficulty, went on through Durham woods, and at 7 in the evening, put up at Elliott's, where our lodgings were good.

Monday, 27th. Rose at 4, A. M. and pursued our journey. Breakfasted at Brown's in New Haven. Rested two hours, then pushed on for Fairfield, where we arrived at 5 in the evening. Put up at Penfield's, where we had excellent entertainment for the night. Nothing remarkable has happened since our departure from Boston, only the stage started an hour before we did; and we are now twenty-three miles ahead,—one hundred sixty-seven miles from Boston by the road we have taken.

Tuesday, 28th. Rose at the usual hour, after a very poor night. Owing to fatigue, & perhaps eating too hearty a supper, I had a most distressing dream, all about my family; but I was little like Nebuchadnezzar, and in the morning could not remember near all of it. Having no soothsayer or Daniel at hand was obliged to pursue the journey without an interpretation of dream. Arrived at Wentworth, thirteen miles, by 7½ o'clock, and here breakfast. Thence went on to Hunt's at Mamaroneck and there lodged comfortably.

Wednesday, 29th. Off at the usual hour, and rode fourteen miles to Kingsbridge. Breakfasted at Worle's. This is fifty miles from Penfield's in Fairfield, and fifteen from New York, at which place we arrived at 1 o'clock, P. M. My old friend Hardy being full,

we went to Hackerd's. In great haste wrote a few lines to my better half, by post; and, being much fatigued, went to bed early. Two hundred thirty two miles from Boston.

Thursday, 30th. Being in snug harbor, I lay & slept till 6 o'clock, then rose, for the purpose of attending to business. Arranged all my papers, & went out to execute them, but the parade of the day beginning, found I could do nothing. Therefore "followed the multitude," not "to do evil," but good, so joined with the rest in the great business on hand.

At 11 o'clock, the different corps in the city assembled, consisting of one company of horse, one of artillery, two of grenadiers, and one of light infantry, with two battalion companies. At 12 noon, they were formed in line. At one the procession was in motion. The horse in front, then the Committee of the day, the High Sheriff & his attendants, after them the President & Vice President elect, the Senate & House of Representatives, civilians, the artillery, grenadiers, &c. In due time, the President appeared in the gallery of the portico, introduced by the Vice President, & here took the oath of office. The ceremonial over, the procession reformed, & marched off to St. Paul's church, where, with other observances, a sermon was delivered by Bishop Provost. At this time a dish of good food being more to my taste than one of theology or politics, I retired to my own proper dinner,—and there was well entertained.

The evening outshone at least the day. The fire-works displayed at the Bowling Green very fine. The Spanish ambassador's house illuminated in splendid style, the French minister's also elegantly, Federal Hall likewise in a highly pleasing manner, and many other buildings. An allegorical picture of the United States, illuminated, excelled them all. The movable fire-works were displayed to great advantage to an

amazing concourse. A more civil, earnestly attentive & orderly set of people I never before observed on any similar occasion. Going back to my lodgings a little after 10 o'clock, & going to bed at once, I did not sleep well. Too much of the dust that was raised during the day got into my lungs, & brought on an asthmatic attack, which the air of the chamber was by no means fitted to allay, as to all appearance it had been breathed over many times.

Friday, May 1st. Having little comfort in bed, was glad enough to rise. Attended to business, & by 4 in the afternoon it was completed. But the wind prevented our crossing the ferry, else we should have set off for Philadelphia. As it was, stayed & slept at my old quarters, till

Saturday, 2nd.; when at 5, A. M. rose, paid bills, &c, took breakfast, & then left in the ferry boat from the Great Battery for Elisabeth-town, where, after an agreeable sail of one hour & forty minutes, over a distance of fifteen miles, arrived. Dr. Downer had business here which detained us two hours. Slept at Brunswick. Here we had one gill of spirits with water, a bottle of cider, tea and trimmings for supper, beds to lodge in, hay & oats for our horses, and paid for all 17/2, lawful money. This the most extravagant house we have met with.

Sunday, 3rd. Off from Brunswick at 5½ A. M. and rode ten miles in one hour & two-thirds, when we breakfasted & rested our horses for one hour; then proceeded on across the Delaware, at half past one, and arrived at Bristol at half past three, where we put up for the night. Had an excellent dinner & good lodgings.

Monday, 4th. Off again, for Philadelphia this time, at 5½ A. M. At 7½ stopt at Waterman's and breakfasted. Thence to Philadelphia, where we arrived at 10½, A. M. Stopped & dined. Took a walk around the

city, which found considerably altered & grown larger. Several handsome buildings erected lately. General training here today. A more miserable militia my eyes surely never beheld. In some of the companies, the rank & file not more than fifteen, & they the refuse of creation. Some contrast this with 1775. Then there were five battalions of uniformed troops; but now only one, & that artillery rather loosely disciplined. At 3, P. M. took our departure for Baltimore. By travelling three hours steadily, we arrived at Chester, where we slept.

Tuesday, 5th. Started at 5½, A. M. & were at Wilmington at 8, where we breakfasted. At 9 were in the saddle again. Dined at Hollinsworth's at the head of the Elk, slept at Palmer's at Charlestown, at the head of Chesapeake Bay. The house we are in is full and running over. How we are to lodge must be determined by & bye. Well, at 10 o'clk. went to bed, in a chamber with four beds, & without any ventilator. I soon found I could not breathe air used so many times over. Got up, opened the only window six inches, and then tried to sleep again; but the avenues through which my lungs were filled had choked up, & the air continued so dopy I was obliged to decamp. I went into a lower room, & sat up all night. Dozed about two hours, but poorly. At 4 hauled on my boots, & began to prepare for journeying, & by blustering round made out to get away by 5 o'clock.

Wednesday, 6th. Were off for Susquehanna. It is a cold, windy morning, while yesterday was very warm. Am inclined to think, the seasons are hardly more forward here than at Boston. Asparagus is but just come, grain is backward, the trees beginning to blow, & the oaks to burst their buds. The brooks out here are not so high as they were last year, at this time. In crossing the Susquehanna had a windy time, but got safely over. Breakfasted on the West side, dined at Chind's and slept at Stamk's in Baltimore.

Thursday, 7th. Rose at 6 o'clock, with a heavy headache, & to ease myself walked about the room softly for several hours. Many wagons in town, but none going out very far in the direction in which we are bound. Shall be obliged to tarry here several days, which will be tedious enough, attending to settling our accounts. Visited Mrs. Boyd, delivered letters, &c. and went to bed at 10, and slept middling well.

Friday, 8th. Rose at 5, and busily employed settling with the naval officer, & procuring teams to transport our effects, but money being scarce, the people want the more, and will not wagon so cheaply as they did last year. Therefore, have not engaged any as yet, & think it probable we shall not till next week. Did, however, at 3 o'clock this afternoon, engage five wagons, to take our effects to Shippensburg, a distance of 90 miles, at £3 per ton. Great exertions to load five tons of small packages in so short a time. We completed it, however, by sunset, & young Mr. Downer went on with the teams.

Saturday, 9th. Spent the forepart of this day settling accounts, drafting articles of agreement, & signing them. The afterpart, spent in selling linn shoes, 128 pair, at I.F. for 3/ per pair amounting to

	£"	s"	d
	19"	4"	0.8 Ddg. From
shovels	19"	4"	0
Clover seed, to amount	7"	5"	9
Two casks cheese	12"	3"	4
Keg & charge (?)	0"	18"	6

58" 15" 7

Mr. Williams has paid on my account

	£"	s"	d
	40"	17"	8
So that he owes a balance of	17"	17"	11

58" 15" 7

This balance I directed him to forward to Mrs. May, at Boston, by the first conveyance. Visited Mrs. Boyd, & drank tea with Mrs. B. May. Wrote one letter to Mrs. May & another to Mr. Jon^a. Freeman, & then to bed.

Sunday, 10th. Slept till 6½, then rose, washed up, wrote a letter to brother Joseph, & attended to other matters. It was so excessively rainy, I did not go to meeting. Dined with Mr. Jos. Williams, at 4 o'clock, delivered my letters for Boston to Capt. Field, who set sail immediately, drank tea with Mrs. B. May, supped at lodgings, & went to bed at 11 o'clk. The air being cross branded, slept poorly.

Monday, 11th. At 5 arose, attended to a little business, & at 8 took my departure from Baltimore, & stood for the wilderness. Travelled 41 miles, & slept at Squire Sherman's, where, though the entertainment was very good, slept poorly.

Tuesday, 12th. Set off at 5½, & breakfasted at Hanover, a pretty village of about one hundred houses. We are now on a new road from Baltimore to Shippenburg, & find good travelling, settled with Dutch farmers along the way, most of whom are wealthy. At the house where I lodged last night, viz. Sherman's, quite a large business is going on. He has extensive barns, makes 10 hogsheads of cider yearly, 8 hogsheads of cider royal, distilling also whiskey-cider & peach-brandy in great abundance. The peach brandy as good as any from France. In fact, he is making money many ways, & very fast. Dined today at Clark's, at the foot of Blue Mountain; then crossed Black Gap, a very difficult place; but by going through it we saved eleven miles of road. We arrived at Capt Kippe's at sunset, where we slept.

Wednesday, 13th. Yesterday being a fatiguing day, & having no special business, I laid abed in a large chamber, 40 x 20, & 11 ft. high, till 6½ A. M. The air

in this chamber the best I have found since leaving Boston. At 8 our goods arrived in excellent order. Here we unloaded, and paid £14" 06s" 6d, to the Baltimore wagoners.

4" 10" 0 , to Capt. Field

0" 12" 0 , storage, besides a duty, of which I am doubtful.

Shall be hindered here sometime for wagons, as people are much engaged with their spring work. Last Friday an express went through this place from Pittsburg for New York with intelligence that a party of Indians had fallen on some settlers at Grave Creek & killed five; and, on their way back, one at Marietta. These devils never will be easy, until they are extirpated. We are now 140 miles from Philadelphia, & 160 from Fort Pitt. To bed at 10 o'clock, & had good sleep till morning, which was a great refreshment.

Thursday, 14th. We were off this morning at 10 o'clock for Chamberstown, a distance of ten miles; and, as it rained hard last night, the roads were heavy. I took this detour to procure wagons, but failed of success. Could not engage any at a less price than 28/ per cwt. from this to Pittsburg, or Summerell's ferry—a price I did not choose to give. Chamberstown is a very pretty country town, containing about 150 houses, with a population mostly Dutch. Shippensburg is nearly as large, & so of several other towns of the vicinity. Oh, how tedious this waste of time waiting for wagons! I am fearful my patience will not hold out so well as it did last year. Wind has been at N. E. these three days, attended with rain. Went to bed at 10.

Friday, 15th. After a sound sleep, rose at 6. Wind N. E. weather lowering & disagreeable. No wagons engaged, time hangs heavily on my hands, & I am at a loss for business or amusement, I confess. So here goes, to kill time. Method of making whiskey. Take

1½ bushel of coarse ground rye meal, & put it in a hog-head that will hold 110 gallons. Nearly fill it up with blood warm water, & put in 3 quarts of yeast to ferment it. Let it stand & work for three days, and when it becomes stale, put it in the distil. This must have a cover of wood, with a hole in the middle of it to put the puddle in, in order to keep a stirring until the mixture boils, then put the still head on, and catch the spirit. If it is done properly, you obtain 2½ gals. proof liquor, or 5 gals. to a bushel, which generally sells at 2/6 per gal. this makes 7/6 for a bus. and requires the labor of one man to make 9 gals per day. They generally have a small still through which they run the whiskey a second time; & this they call doubling it, but I should rather say, rectifying it.

To make Yeast. Take ½ peck of good malt, & put over the fire with 4 or 5 gals. water. Let it boil a little time, then put in a keg with one head out, and a little emp'tings, or yeast, to set the fermenting process agoing. Thus you may obtain good yeast, to be used as above.

Saturday, 16th. At 10 this morning, Mr. Breck & myself set off for Pittsburg, a distance of — miles. We crossed the North Mountain, & dined at Skinner's; then crossed the Path Valley & the Tuscarora Mountain, & slept at Bird's, Fort Littleton. In my journal of last year I gave a more particular description of this combination of mountains; but in my present state am in no mood to describe them again.

Sunday, 17th. Mounted our horses at 5½, & went to the foot of Sideling Hill to breakfast, where our horses fared much better than we did. We crossed the Sideling Ridge & Juniata, & dined at Martin's, on veal cutlet & trout; thence to Bedford & oated. Here we fell in with a Dutchman who undertook to pilot us over Will's hill. This route would save us 3½ miles in a distance of 8 miles; and although the sun was short

of an hour high, we undertook it. It seemed necessary to go this way as it avoided several creeks too deep for a horse to pass without swimming. This hill might well be called a mountain, as it is about three miles over, and at least one mile high, the most rocky place my eyes ever beheld. However, we began with resolution, & made with all our might for the top. We scrambled along up for fully an hour, when at length, tired out, we attained the summit.

The prospect looking down was worse than it was coming up. The sun was below the horizon, & black night approaching left no time for parley or poetry; therefore, we cast ourselves off, and, in about three quarters of an hour, tumbled to the bottom. Then made the best of our way, sometimes in a brook, sometimes by the side of it, through thick brush, this for better than half an hour, when we reached McGaggay's and, tired out completely, went to rest. Here observe, that when we were on the top of Will's hill we had a most magnificent view, allways; we actually overlooked the Alleghany mountains on one hand & the North mountains on the other.

Monday, 18th. We were off this morning at 6 o'clock. The hill we passed over last evening lying in the East prevented the sun's making his appearance till that time. When I mounted my horse I felt as if all bones & no sinews, very stiff indeed. Rode 8 miles to breakfast, & then 14 more to where Mr. Breck made his dinner on milk. I felt too poorly to eat any thing. The road we have traversed today is in the glades altogether, & extremely bad, the horses frequently mired up to their bellies. In crossing the Alleghany mountains, the trees for the most part, I observed, had not begun to leaf out, though the wild plums were in full bloom, & just about as forward as they were last year when I passed,—17 days earlier than this. Everything bespeaks the season to be nearly three weeks later than last year's.

Tuesday, 19th. Having arisen at 5, we pressed on our journey. Breakfasted at the foot of Laurel mountain, at the house of one S——'s, where everything was so sluttish, that my appetite was not keen enough to overcome the disgust. These mountainous regions still full of the chill of winter. There was considerable frost last night, & I rode all the morning in my cant-sloper.* Put up at Noel's where we slept tolerably, although there were eight persons in the same room.

Wednesday, 20th. Set out for Noel's at 6 o'clock, rode 8 miles, & breakfasted at the worst house I have entered yet. Such a slut, such a hog sty! We travelled 5 miles more, & then had arrived at Summerell's ferry, which is the head of navigation on these Western waters. We crossed, & put up at Summerell's. Here we must tarry a couple of days, to rest & clean up. This might be made a pretty place of business, but the people do not seem to understand it. The inhabitants had rather live in a very poor way than take a little pains to have it otherwise. Slept pretty well, in a high room—charming—open to the air—clean & pure.

Thursday, 21st. A rainy morning. Wind from the S. W. & cold. Kept abed till 7, then arose, & washed at a living spring from the mountain, where it comes out as big as one's thigh. Then had a notable breakfast of coffee, bacon, mackerel, bread & butter, & buck-wheat cakes. Staid here, & dined; and at 3 o'clock set out for Redstone, a distance of 16 miles up the Monongahela, which place we reached at sunset, having rode it in one stage, & were well tired. The country through which we have passed is called the Forks of Youghogany, & is thinly settled; but the best land I ever beheld. I have but two faults to find with it.

* *Cantsloper.* This word, spelled also *Kentsloper* and *Khansloper*, occurs several times in Col. May's Journals. It was probably some sort of *slopper*, or outside garment, for turning rain.

First, hill in great abundance & extremely rich; and, second, so heavily timbered that it would make one's heart ache to think of clearing it. We put up at Tan-nery Hills, a very good tavern, where I had a good night. Yesterday, the snow was two inches thick on the Laurel mountains, so say two travellers; and there was not a little frost this morning at this place, Redstone.

Friday, 22nd. A pleasant but frosty morning. A Mr. Niel has just now caught a sturgeon, 5 ft. long, & will weigh 60 lbs. He is a clumsy ugly looking fellow, with a skin as rough as that of our dog fish. There are two sorts of sturgeon in the waters. The other kind is a handsomer fish; but I have no desire to eat of either of them. This place quite small, not more than fifty houses, but a prodigious thoroughfare for travellers into Kentucky & the Western Country. Not less than fifteen thousand souls have taken their departure hence this summer. Since I was here last year two kinds of birds, unknown before, have come to inhabit here. One a delightful little red fellow, with black wings & a blue bill, who sings also agreeably; the other a kind of mack-ll gull which dwells on the waters, with dark body & white wings, something resembling a church minister in his robes. As to the seasons, either they are altered or I am, for I have been almost frozen this three weeks. In fact vegetation speaks the same way. Somehow, a change has come over me, & things do not appear so bright & beautiful as they did last year. But one's feelings cannot change the real state of things. This country must be of immense value in time. This season is an extraordinary one, & my feelings are influenced by times and seasons, as much as they by causes I know not of. [Here follow in the original several lines written in some sort of cypher, which after repeated attempts, the editor finds himself unable to decypher.] There are three stores in this place which take con-

siderable money, but more produce, which again is sold for cash to people from Marietta, or bound to Kentucky.

Saturday, 23d. At 9 this morning we left Redstone—a beautiful, pleasant day. We lost our way soon after starting, & wandered about for an hour, but came out all right at last. At sunset we arrived at Kirkendal's, thoroughly tired out, & took for a sleeping place an old log house, with three beds on the floor, on which eight people slept. I was awakened often by various noises, once by the barking of dogs & the howling of wolves.

Sunday, 24th. Rose early on a pleasant morning. Vegetation is much more forward here than it is forty miles back. I hold to my opinion that the season is not so forward here as in New England. The people are almost frightened by the cold weather, & its long continuance. After breakfast, my landlord took me out to view his plantations. He had a field of wheat of 25 acres, 18 of excellent rye, another of 16 acres oats, & a large one of corn. He has besides a good stone mill, a saw-mill, a whiskey-mill, & several out houses. He may be called a rich man. Nevertheless, he treats himself the worst of all, for he lives in a house not much better than a sty. Question, how much better is a man than a—I don't say a sheep—but than another sort of animal, less savory surely when he is alive? At this place we staid, & kept Sunday.

Monday, 25th. Night before last, we had a touch of the *aurora borealis*, which in this country is the sure forerunner of rain; and at 1 in the morning it set in, & continued to rain, without intermission, till 12 at noon. Yesterday week the rivers were higher than ever before known to the white inhabitants, now they are as low as they ever sink. Was rapid their rise and fall.

Soon as the rain ceased, we were off. Arrived at Marcus Hulins a little before sunset. Put up at Elliott's.

Tuesday, 26th. Spent the day at Pittsburg. Found money affairs here at a low ebb. Everybody unwilling to part with money but very anxious to get it. You cannot buy anything without putting money in hand, nor sell it & receive your pay back.

Wednesday, 27th. At 9 o'clock, this morning, Mr. Breck & myself left Elliott's, crossed the Monongahela to Pittsburg, & thence Mr. Breck departed for Greensburg, a town on the road to Philadelphia, about 30 miles from Pitt, to intercept, if he could, the wagons & turn them to Redstone, while I took a road to the left in order to meet them at Cherry's Mills, and turn them the same way (if there). We were led to this movement by the necessity of raising money, & for other reasons.

Lodged at night at one Carpenter's, in a log cabin. Through the night, it thundered, lightened, & rained incessantly. I was never in a worse situation in my life. Slept but little, & rose the first chance. The weather then clear, but myself little rested. No rest, however, to the sole of my foot as yet. I must climb the Chestnut Ridge again.

Thursday, 28th. A clear morning, but a cold & cloudy day. Some allowance to be made for my situation,—in the region of clouds. At 2 o'clock put up at George Antford's, where matters & things much too promiscuous for my taste. The confusion crazes me. Such a port as this worse than the stormy seas. I must up & away. The rains of last night have washed out the roads, raised the rivers in the usual style, & generally turned up Jack. Not a word can I hear of the wagons. This life of suspense, oh, it is like death to me! It is true I have not been totally idle. Such a wild goose chase as I have been on! Have visited Summerell's, Redstone, Elizabeth's town, Fort Pitt, &

Greensburg, & now at the S. W. foot of Laurel Mountain. Would to God I was out of this business, & so far on my way home. But the tug of the oar, I fear, is but just begun. The plan of the voyage was good, if only everybody else had not done the same. When at Baltimore & Shippensburg I had information that a number of people had gone out on the same plan. Arrived at Redstone, we found that a vast many had gone or were going. So that the trade will be entirely overdone. The general agreement is, that Marietta is a pretty place; but there is no money nor produce there for purposes of exchange. Therefore, it will not do to take our effects there, unless we are ready for a dead loss. If we carry them to Pittsburg it will be about the same, for a condition of things quite as bad is there. Redstone seems the only alternative, & that a poor one. However, I am not without hope that by industry & frugality we may save our property; but the prospect of gain is poor.

Friday, 29th. Although in a perfect bedlam, had a middling night. Rose at 4 o'clock, & found a cold, lowering morning. Still waiting for the wagons. With nothing to do, my harp hung on the willows; and, surrounded with devils, I am to be pitied. For 48 hours I have eaten nothing. There is not anything that my stomach does not nauseate at. If it does not come to soon I must go home—to the long one whence there is no returning. My place of sojourn is at the foot of Laurel Mountains,—not a house within five miles, except a little cabin. Our inmates are all Dutch excepting the beasts. She who was mistress is dead. The old man, a daughter of eighteen, two hired women a little older, three hired men, a number of children, beside a bear & five dogs make up our bedlam, as aforesaid. This day pulled off my underwaist coat, not that I was too warm, but I had worn it since the 23d of April, & was afraid to wear it longer without washing;

and I am now considering the question whether I shall take cold without it. Oh that I was where I would be, & then would I be where I should be! Hope, in the careless ways in which I am obliged to live, & exposed to all sorts of company, I have not caught the i—ch. I have been in danger, I suppose, many times. At 2 o'clock this day fell in with a gentleman from Chamberstown bound for Pittsburg. I inquired of him respecting Dr. Downer. He informed me that the wagons set off from Chamberstown on Friday last, & although he had driven fast, he could not overtake them, & that they had taken the old Pennsylvania road. This made it necessary for me to throw myself across the country, 15 miles North, to Greensburg, to meet them, or at least to look up Mr. Breck. At this crisis of affairs, it was against me that my underclothing was in the wash. However, I bribed the women to leave their other employment, & put my matters in a way to be made up. In two hours time it was done, & at half past 4, P. M. I left my comfortless lodgings, & rode with as much speed as my horse would carry me eight miles to Laffingis's where the entertainment was good. Here I fell in with Col. Parry Sheriff of the County of Westmoreland. He was a great talker, & kept it a going till bed time, when we slept together.

Saturday, 30th—Rose at 4 o'clock, & in half an hour was off. In three hours arrived at Greensburg, where I found friend Breck, but he had not heard a word from the Doctor.

After breakfast he set off for Hanna's town in search of the wagons. A dreary experience have I had of it this time; truly sick am I of the expedition; as well as weary & worn out in mind & body. On this long & fatiguing journey I have ridden upwards of 800 miles since I left Boston. Hope my land tacks are almost over for the present, & that I shall behold the face of the doctor before summer. At night slept on

oat chaff, & rested quite well. This town of Greensburg, a county town three years old, has thirty odd log houses in it, and, I am of opinion, there are not thirty beds in the whole place. Mr. Breck not returned.

Sunday, 31st. It being Sunday, called in New England a day of rest, & being disposed to keep it in that way, did not rise till 7. At 9 breakfasted with Col Parry on venison steaks, quails, tea, &c. At 11 Mr. Breck returned & brought intelligence of the wagons in good order, nine miles from this place. Hope I shall see them tonight. Have just spoken with a young woman whose husband has recently returned from Wheeling. She says that the savages have killed six people at that place, and that the inhabitants are moving away from some places, & fortifying in others; also that the fear of attacks from the Indians has prevented many from planting corn. From this & other reports I have heard, am of opinion there will be an Indian war. These reports were so common last year, & so little come of them, that I have paid but small attention to them this. Facts, however, are stubborn things, and I am at length compelled, against my will, to believe these hell hounds are bent on mischief. Having made their treaty, & got all they wanted, they are now going to work at their proper trade, viz. cruelty & bloodshed.

Monday, June 1st. I rose at 6 with a violent pain in my right side. For several days I have been worried with pain there, which I was in hopes would disappear of itself; but, so far for that, reinforcements have been moved up. May be I shall not get better of the distress without a doctor. Although it is called summer, there is still frost enough to remind one of winter. Cold frosty morning this, a fire comfortable, flannel waistcoat by no means to be despised. At 10—hallelujah!—our wagons hove in sight. Had not seen

them for 18 days. At 2 o'clock all at hand. Left Greensburg, across the country for Redstone, and at sunset had got as far as Perry's Mills, where the wagons, Dr. Downer & son stayed all night. Mr. Breck & myself went on $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles further to Col. Hocklen's where we slept.

Tuesday, 2nd. Did not rise very early. Am full of pain yet. Set off for Budd's ferry, where we arrived at 9 A. M. & breakfasted. "More haste than good speed," however. Waited for the wagons till sunset; and it took till 9 in the morning to get them all across the river. A very poor night, owing to body thoroughly fagged out, & wretched bed. Why cannot the people of this country treat themselves at least as well as they do their brutes, & live a little more like rational beings?

Wednesday, 3rd. The wagons were started at 6 o'clock for Redstone. After we had travelled 5 miles stopped to feed, when news came of rather an appalling nature, of a violent hurricane near Redstone, last Saturday. We had before heard that half the trees on the Alleghany mountains were blown down. We kept on, however, till night, when we came within the outskirts of the devastation. I was ahead of the wagons two miles, &, it being sunset, left them & my companions to sleep in the woods. There I made for the house of a farmer named Go, was received, & well entertained. And indeed I needed it, for the prospect of all my plans failing shook my nerves to pieces, & I went to bed sick, sick.

Thursday, 4th. Rose early, & went forward to reconnoitre the scene of destruction. Such a scene as it was, what pen can describe it? Waited till my old farmer had cleared the way for nearly a mile. I followed in his wake, till I came where once had stood a dense forest of lofty trees, but now about half of them

were thrown down a thousand ways, in the most confused manner. Not to be daunted, I penetrated into it nearly a quarter of a mile, which brought me, as I estimated, within 3 miles of my destined port, viz. Redstone; but I then saw it would be impossible to work through, without long delay, & as for the wagons, it was out of the question. I stood, looked, then turned, “lifted up my voice & wept.” “O God, how infinite art thou, how frail & weak are we”! Forty three days of wearing anxiety, of almost incessant fatigue,—and here at last shut out! However, to submit to the inevitable is the part of philosophy, as well as of piety. I turned immediately back, informed the wagoners that it was impossible to proceed, & halted them on a high hill; and here a council of war was called. To go forward was impossible; to turn back a distressing thought; while to stay where we were would be most disagreeable, in fact destructive. We spent three hours considering the question, what shall we do? reconnoitering, consulting, comparing views. At length we concluded to turn our wagons down a creek called Little Redstone; and here finding a disused log cabin, put our effects into it. And I can truly say a more melancholy scene my eyes never beheld. Here we settled with our wagoners; & having paid duties in Baltimore of £23 & more, & been journeying 43 days, stopping at taverns & other places where charges were high, our cash on hand was so reduced that we were obliged to give our joint note, payable on demand, for a considerable amount. The wagoners’ bill from Baltimore to Shippensburg, & thence to this place, at 25/ per Cwt. Penn. Currency &

	£	s	d
one day allowed ferriage	105	12	0
Freight from Boston to Baltimore	4	10	0
Ditto paid Custom house officer	23	2	3
Storage	0	12	0

	£	s	d	
viz. Our note	18"	11"	9	to James Welch
	20"	3"	3	to Jno Hindman
p'd by Jn ^o May	18"	7"	5	to Jno Thompson
	17"	5"	5	to Jno Herron

74" 7"10 P. currency

Several reasons induced us to go to Redstone, one was that Kentucky & Muskingum were filled with goods of all kinds, as we heard; another was that, going thither, we should run some little hazard of loss by Indians. But the absolute necessity of raising money to pay the wagoners was the strongest inducement. Any how our plans have failed, but I suppose it is all for the best. Here we are in a doleful situation & dismal place. All the Pæons grant that our continuance here may be of short duration. The best we can expect will be to save ourselves, probably we shall fall short of even that. Slept at night on the grain chest, where I could see the stars through the shingles.

Friday, 5th. Rose at 4½. The sun shone beautifully in our rude dwelling, but a fog soon arose which lasted till 9, at which time Dr. Downer & myself undertook to walk to Jackson's Mills, a distance of 5½ miles, through that part of the country where the tornado had raged. We went on tolerably well for two miles, when we found the trees so mangled, broken, & torn that to get along was next to impossible. At times we were obliged to make a detour of quarter of a mile through the woods, in order to find a passage. After travelling stoutly for upwards of three hours we reached our destination, thoroughly tired. To give a full & particular description of the ravages of the hurricane is what I shall not attempt. One fact I will state will give as good an idea of its prodigious power as a thousand details. I saw a black walnut tree, three feet through, sound & thrifty as tree could be; and

this was broken short off, five ft. 3 inches from the ground. The height was 136 feet. The force of the fall was so great, that the small limbs were mere crumbles, and the larger ones remaining hardly more than four feet in length. Nearby was a house, which was unroofed. All the orchard and other trees in the vicinity prostrate. The length of the path cut by the gust is unknown; but the breadth was generally about 4 miles.

At Jackson's we purchased a boat, 36 ft. long by 12 wide, for which we paid him in good money £9¹⁹s. She is covered with a good roof, 25 ft. in length, and will make us a good dwelling place, as we trust. Got back to the cabin well tired, of course. I was taken violently sick in the night, & the illness lasted till morning. (A passage follows which appears to read thus, "Sprague's Dovers pills" to some sort of pills used in medicine) Perhaps it was owing to eating bread made of sick wheat.

Saturday, 6th. Am in a weak & low condition, & have passed a very poor day. Our people have had plenty of fine fish, but I have had no appetite to taste them. We had a heavy gust last night, attended with thunder & a heavy hail storm, but it did not last long. We have employed the day in settling our accounts, and opening a book for business. Though people are in want of everything we have got, they have no money to pay for it.

Sunday, 7th. A melancholy day to me. Indisposed as I have been for several days, I find the mind partakes of the body's feebleness. Some aspects of the situation might appear romantic to some sorts of people, but for me only its solemn considerations make any impression. Here am I in the wilderness with five tons of goods stored away in a log cabin, 20 x 17. Through the roof the stars may be studied to great advantage, when the clouds do not intervene. The hut

is in a deep valley, the width of which is not more than 400 yards. On either side is a tremendous mountain, at least 300 ft. high; and the clouds are constantly manoeuvring overhead. There are generally four or five showers a day; & between the showers fishermen are passing to the river, a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile off.

Read today Mr. Appleton's sermon on the death of 'Squire Flint, which I like very well. Indeed, funeral sermons furnish about as sprightly subjects as any I have met with, these several days. Slept poorly, & rose early.

Monday, 8th. Mr. Breck & the Doctor gone for the boat. I hope to see them back by 12 o'clock. The winds are very shifty. They generally box the compass two or three times a day. Have received ten dollars today for goods. The boat did not arrive till 7 o'clock.

Tuesday, 9th. At 5 o'clock we began to move our effects from the cabin to the boat; & by indefatigable industry by 12, noon, had accomplished it, moving five tons & upwards a quarter of a mile. No accident occurred, excepting that one cask of nails rolled off the dray, & fell into the river, in about 4 feet depth of water, whence we afterwards fished it out. This afternoon we have all been very busy opening goods. Our boat will prove, I think, very convenient, and our prospects—let us hope— will brighten.

Wednesday, 10th. Rose at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Went immediately to business, & continued at it without intermission all day. Have taken upwards of \$20 cash; & we are trying to add to the conveniences of the boat. Wind variable, & showers every day.

Thursday, 11th. Rose at 4, & as yesterday went to work at once. Took \$20 before breakfast, & paid for our boat in goods. This day's work in all amounts to near £30. What cash we now receive is to pay for a dead horse, as it must all go to pay the wagoners, a sum

not less than £56. I do not know how we shall raise it, but we shall use every exertion, as we have given our word that we will not go down the river until we have paid it. Several vague reports have reached us, that our people at Muskingum have had an action with the savages, routed them, & killed a number—a hundred according to some stories. I distrust these rumors very much. However, we are lying in a place where we have no communication with the world, excepting through a few creatures almost as ignorant as the brute creation.

Four nights now I have slept at the house of a Mr. Richards, where are tolerably good bed accommodations. State of health & the want of my own bed apparatus compels me to this. Truly I have not had a well day since I left Boston. It is hard work to perform such a journey, & undertake what we are doing, without one sprightly day. Where we are is 50 miles from Pittsburg, up the Monongahela river.

Friday, 12th. Rose at 4, walked $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from my lodgings, soaped & washed at a large & beautiful spring, & drank a pint. I have a dose of tartar emetic prepared, but if I can save the ship without resorting to the pumps—pumping up through the teeth—shall make the effort at least. Busy as a bee, all day. Took about \$20 in cash, and this at a place where one would never think of looking for inhabitants, much less for money. We are living certainly at a very cheap rate, no rent, no taxes, nor any bills of that description. We hang out our lines, to catch fish, & haul them in when we want them. Indeed the fish are excellent, and generally we make a meal of one of them, once a day. Extremely hot today, with the thermometer at 80°. The mid day is, as a rule, hot, while the nights & mornings are cold, so we have fires in the evening. Not a cloud has been seen this day all over the horizon. Went to roost at 9 o'clock.

Saturday, 13th. Rose at 4 o'clock, took the same walk as yesterday, washed, & drank the pure mountain draught. Returned to the boat, found all asleep, routed them out, & we set the store in order. But little business today. Took only £3 cash, & some provisions for our own use. A beautiful day, as clear as a bell, the third one we have had together.

Sunday, 14th. A delightful morning, all nature rejoicing. The notes of the birds of all kinds so many & so incessant, one is almost stunned. By the decrees & usages of our fathers, this day appointed for one of rest. Hope I shall be able to observe it as such. Wrote a letter to Col. Battelle, informing him of where I am, in what hidden work. The day very hot, thermometer at 85°. At sunset a beautiful shower, & the clouds all over the horizon like burnished gold most glorious. My eyes never rested on a more magnificent spectacle.

Monday, 15th. Rose at the usual hour. All hands employed in making cable. Finished by sunset, & had a good one. A number of people here today, but it is like stripping the cow after you have milked. They have paid away all their money, & by no device can get more.

It is time we were going down the river, but the water is too low for us to think of doing it at present. We might still trade to any extent if we would take produce; but what could we do with it if we had it? Slept on board last night on a straw bed.

Tuesday, 16th. Rose before 4. Hauled in a perch weighing 8½ lbs. as fine & fat a fellow as I have seen. Fish are not plenty at this spot, but by keeping a line out always we have them when wanted. They are as good a fish as our rock (cod), & it would puzzle any one to find the difference between them, when properly cooked.

When the sun was an hour high, the Doctor & myself took a canoe & went down the river to a large ripple

to ascertain its depth of water. We found it very rapid & shoal, & made up our minds the big boat could not pass it. Returned very tired, & slept on my straw bed.

Wednesday, 17th. Rose at 3½, not wholly satisfied in my own mind but that the boat might go down the river after all. I want to be at least 12 miles lower down the river than now. I procured two experienced men to survey the ripples, & report. At 8 they returned, & pronounced them impassable. So here we are, laid up, the Lord knows how long. I was afraid we might be caught in this way, but we could not get ready to move sooner. Certain we have eaten no bread of idleness since we came here, & have taken better than \$100 so far; have paid for our boat \$33, besides taking enough for our own stores. If 12 or 14 miles further down the river, we might be in the way to intercept letters going to Muskingum, & might also have opportunities to send some to my dear friend.

Thursday, 18th. Rose at 3 o'clock, & went into a shower bath I have. It thundered & lightened all night, but with very little rain. I am in hopes the river may rise before long, after all, as there has been a heavy cloud all night towards its head. Yesterday, I piloted a Kentuck boat with two families in it over the ripples. I did this by way of experiment, to ascertain if our boat might possibly get over. This boat drew only 7 inches water, & went over handsomely. Ours draws 12½ inches, which is too much, & cannot go over till the river rises, w'h I pray God may be soon.

Friday, 19th. Rose at 3, & had a fine morning walk, which I greatly enjoyed, two miles to the boat. Called up all hands. We went to spinning fish lines, & made great proficiency. We could make four of 22 yards length in an hour. The stuff they are made of costs 3d each, and they sell for 2 shillings. The river seems inclined to rise a little. Yesterday five Kentuck boats

passed us; but none of them drew more than 8 inches water. They all went over clear, but one of them struck twice, & another once; but they were not much hurt. Their effects were not of much value, having sent their horses & wagons across to Wheeling. Before the day was out, our river had risen about two inches.

Saturday, 20th. Rose at 3, & ascertained that the river had fallen in the night more than an inch. Notwithstanding, we cast off our fasts, & dropt down to within a few rods of the ripple. Here we stopt, & I waded in & explored the channel, examining here & there for more than half an hour. Found rocks that had hardly $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches of water on them, & the current very strong. But the question was, to hazard the boat over, or stay there prisoners all summer. We made a bold dash for luck, & were so fortunate as to go over without bumping. The river was so low that we were all day, and industrious at that, in getting down to Carner's (?) ferry, where we arrived an hour after sunset, well fagged out, for this has been the hottest day of the season. The mercury ranging at 89° . Soon after we landed, there came a heavy thunder gust which lasted for two hours, & with very vivid lightning.

Sunday, 21st. I was too tired to sleep last night, & awoke in the morning unrefreshed. Rose at 3. The situation we have now is better than the former one. Hope the business we shall do will prove it to be so. At 11, A. M. another violent thunder gust. Heavy flying clouds afterwards. Towards evening it was pretty clear, excepting in the N. W. where there laid a bank which kept up a constant flashing of lightning. Mercury today up to 90° . Went to bed at 9. At 12 the thunder awakened me. By the time I had struck a light, the rain came down in great sheets, & the thunder & lightning were tremendous. One flash struck within

a quarter of a mile of us, tore three trees to pieces, & killed seven hogs belonging to Mr. Cartner.

Monday, 22nd. Rose early, & took up the floor of our boat, & cleaned her out; then properly jointed & relaid the floor, put up our shed forward, & in fact made a fine boat of her. Though we have had several showers today, the river has not risen one inch. How long, O Lord, how long are we to stay prisoners on this Monongahela river? Yet, even if free, should we not be at a loss to know where to go? Better is it to stay even in misery, if to go farther looks worse. I have seen several traders returned from Muskingum who have left a large part of their property, unsold, at Marietta. Evening, a little cooler. Thermometer at 81°.

Tuesday, 23d. Slept well, & was up at 4 o'clock, & soon set off for Summerell's ferry, having heard, last evening, that Gen. Putnam was there, on his return to New England. Though I made all haste, I was too late. When I arrived, he had been gone an hour. I hoped he would have tarried there all day, as he had to buy a new horse, having tired out his old one. My disappointment was severe, & I felt for the time almost disposed to struggle no longer, but let the world take its own way, without help or hindrance from me; for do I not labor in vain, & spend my strength & spirits for naught? The people where we are now come thick & fast enough to see our goods, & give them the price. They cry out "cheap, very cheap"; but they go away without buying—and why? Because they have no money, & there is none to be had anywhere. Somehow a little tires me. I went to bed very tired.

Wednesday, 24th. Rose at 3, to find our boat had sprung a leak through some mismanagement. Some of our folks who had altered her loading had made her very one sided. When I got up she had not less than 15 hhds of water in her. Called all hands, & set the

pump agoing; and in about an hour had all right again. Wrote Mrs. May yesterday, left the letter at Summerell's ferry, enclosing others of 7th, 14th, & 21st inst. Little or no business a-doing. The river extremely low, & my spirits to match. Health wretched, & all my conveniences at Marietta. From evils of all kinds—especially such as we are now enduring—good Lord deliver us. For a resource & occupation, Joseph & myself went into the woods, & brought back trees to be wrought into a tender for our big boat.

Thursday, 25th. Joseph & I employed in making a dory. Had little to call me off, & by sunset had her complete, all except caulking & graving. She is a pretty little craft, 17 ft. long & $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide in the middle, & 18 inches deep. We might trade largely if we would take produce, & if money was plenty below it might answer; but from all information there is none to be had. So one call is as good as another, & some the best of all. From intelligence received a few days ago, the places that were taking ginseng at $\frac{2}{6}$ per pound fell yesterday, at the little places, to $\frac{1}{6}$. From what I saw at New York, Philadelphia, & Baltimore I suspected a decline was at hand; & though I have as yet refused taking any, yet if I can sell the goods, & take good ginseng at $\frac{1}{6}$, I am not afraid, as it may bear keeping one or two years at that price.

Friday, 26th. The night was cold, but it is a warm day. Employed myself finishing the dory. When I was at the helm last Saturday, coming down the river from Little Redstone I had a good compass, came slow, & followed the meanderings, which I made out as follows:

From Little Redstone N. N. W. one mile to Linn's ripple; then same course $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to a point on the left hand; then W. N. W. $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Spears' ripple; thence N. N. W. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to another ripple; then N. one mile & N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; then E. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Sweringin's

(?) ferry; then N. N. E. one mile to Cartner's ferry (?); thence one mile N., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N. W. by W., $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles W. N. W. to McClintock's (?) ferry at 3 o'clock, P. M. (The next sentence appears to read "The distance between Cartner's (?) & this place $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This slow & hard work") We stopt here to receive 40 gals whiskey in exchange for a rifle gun, but when it was brought it proved to be half water, & we would not take it. The land about here is excellent; but the people are too lazy or too ignorant to cultivate it to advantage, and are miserably poor.

Saturday, 27th. A cold night, & heavy fog in the morning. Did not rise till 5 o'clock, the fog continuing heavy for several hours, which prevented our moving. The sun began to disperse the vapors at 7 o'clock, & then we employed our wooden sails again; and in two hours went two miles to Devoe's ferry, all the way with the current. Struck this morning, for the first time, but did no damage. The course of the river from McCl— to Devoes is W $1\frac{1}{4}$, W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, N. N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Here we must stay till the river rises. This afternoon, a poor boy was induced to swim a stallion across the river. Right opposite our boat on the other side of the river was a bank, & he could not rise it; and turned back. The boy reined in the frightened animal too hard, & both were drowned. Three men in a canoe that persuaded him in, were afraid to go to him, when they might have saved him; but they delayed more than seven minutes, & are chargeable with the loss of the lad.

Sunday, 28th. Poorly in health, no reading, no preaching, nothing to do. All hands gone to bury the drowned. Bull frogs, toads, turtle doves make so much noise, they drive away sleep.

Monday, 29th. "An ill wind that blows nobody any good"—though poor for us, beautiful weather for farmers. River as low, within 3 inches, as ever known to

be. Nothing to do but cook, eat, sleep, & hold Colley* by the tail. Journalizing amounts to nothing, for all is intolerable sameness, as we lie wasting our time on these drowsy waters.

Tuesday, 30th. All the same. Walked out today 5 miles. Lands good, but hilly, & very poorly cultivated. When I returned from the walk, I found the river had fallen so much it was unsafe to stay on the East side, where we had not more than three inches to spare, and we must change our place. Yesterday I thought we should be obliged to move soon, & had pitched on Pigeon Creek, nearly opposite, as the place to move to, as there is a deep place at its mouth that has nearly 12 feet water. Therefore at 4 o'clock, P. M. we unmoored, & without much difficulty crossed the river, & were soon secure in Pigeon Creek, where we must stay till the river swells again.

Wednesday, July 1st. Sixty-nine days since we left Boston. I will strive to suppress sighs & lamentations, for what living man has a right to complain. Nevertheless, between me & this book, it must be owned, my feelings are tortured, & groans will find their way out, if not through the throat, through the finger tips. How have I striven, how little accomplished! Surely "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong"—that's Scripture, and it's truth too. So I sometimes think it might be as well for one to sit down, & sing "Oh be easy."

At 9 o'clock this morning mounted a little dapple gray horse & rode up the banks of the creek $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in which distance I crossed it seventeen times. I visited the house of a Mrs. Colvill, and traded with her for nine cheeses, which were pretty good, & a quantity of maple sugar. Here as elsewhere no money.

Thursday, 2nd. Where we are lying it is 12 feet deep, as I have stated. But you can wade the river

*An abbreviation for melancholy.

almost any where. In places you can go across it, & not find more than nine inches water. Still unwell, & patience severely exercised. Am meditating a journey to Marietta by land, providing the river does not rise in three or four days. If the journey is made, I shall be able to form some opinion as to whether it will be prudent to go down the river, as far as the place named, with our goods. People whom I have conversed with seem to be agreed, there is no money there, & three stores are already opened.

Friday, 3rd. Got up early to do nothing. Oh that my goods were back again in Boston—or anywhere—rather than on this dismal Monongahela river! I cannot help recording, this is the severest trial of my life. If I am ever happy enough to get out of this, I put these thoughts down that the lessons of the past may not be forgotten. Here week after week, with little or nothing to do, no money stirring, & with no sort of amusement to divert the mind from gloomy fancies, & many thoughts & anxieties about those far away. As for our business, to take produce will not do. Ginseng is worse than nothing. Not a penny to be seen; & if we give credit we lose everything. The property we have here too valuable to be run away from. So we must stay, & wait for better times. To crown all, not a word from Boston since I left it.

Saturday, 4th. This the anniversary of Independence; but we poor fellows must keep it in rather a doleful manner, not with the high glee in which I shared at Marietta last year. Even if there be no money there, they will no doubt celebrate the day this year. And it is best they should. In this world of disappointments, let us take what enjoyment we can get. "Let us eat & drink for tomorrow we die."

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men

Gang aft a-gley,

And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,

For promis'd joy."

Today, Mr. James Leach from Marietta bound for Boston called, & took lodgings with me. Glad enough was I to see him. He not only brought news from Marietta, which I was desirous to get, but will be a safe messenger to carry letters to Boston.

Sunday, 5th. Writing letters, one to Mrs. May, others to Joseph May, Jon^a Freeman, & my children John Jr., Henry K., Catharine C. & Sophia. Had for dinner a good boiled dish & roast chickens. Mr. Leach with us.

Monday, 6th. The river rose three inches today, & the water 5° warmer than the air. Put the thermometer in the water, & the mercury goes up to 82°, take it out & it stands at 77°. Took \$20 cash, better than nothing, but very small business for four men.

Tuesday, 7th. Went to bed late, slept but little, & feel very slim today. The river rises no more. I am preparing to go to Marietta over land. About sunset Mr. Stratton came to see us, from Washington [Penn.] He brought information that some person had shot Geo. Washington W——(unreadable), an Indian, in consequence of which three parties of Indians had landed on the East side of the Ohio river in order to retaliate. The news did not alter my plans, and I set off for Marietta, in company with him as far as Washington.

Wednesday, 8th. Started for Marietta at 5 o'clock, and travelled 9 miles to breakfast, when it came on to rain. At 10 it held up, when we set off again, & at 1, P. M. arrived at Washington, where we dined. I stayed there all the afternoon, striving to purchase a horse which I could not obtain.

Thursday, 9th. Bargained with a Mr. Adams to carry me & baggage to West Liberty, for which service I paid \$1. Were off at 6 o'clock. The boy who went with me took turns with myself in riding the horse. A very hot day. A part of it, a very heavy cloud

hung on over night, from which incessant thunder. We in a wild region, not free from liability to surprise from the Indians. We got over the ground as fast as we could, but that was slowly. By 1 o'clock we had arrived at Charles Well's, a fine plantation on the Virginia side, the house & buildings 100 rods from the Pennsylvania line. I was well tired when I got there. The house is not a tavern, but I informed the landlady of my condition, & told her she must recruit me, which she did in good style. Soon the tempest we had been watching came on, one cloud after another, with sharp lightning & heavy thunder all the afternoon. Here I lodged, and having changed my route from West Liberty to Buffalo Creek discharged the boy with the pony.

Friday, 10th. I am waiting here in expectation of seeing Major Tyler who is going down the river tomorrow, expecting to go with him. This Mr. Wells, at whose house I am, has a fine plantation, a family of twenty three souls, a pack of deer, large herds of cattle, horses, hogs, & sheep, poultry of every kind; and withal carries a considerable woolen & linen manufactory. I took a violent cold last evening, which has attacked me in different ways, viz. asthma, expectoration, & a very sore mouth. I feel as if I had almost lost my senses.

Saturday, 11th. A miserable night, the last. I set off on a horse belonging to Mr. Wells, for the mouth of the Buffalo, where I arrived when the sun was two hours high. At Absa Wells' found a house full of people, and as much noise as at Charles's where I came from. I did not think much of my horse, though he was called a famous one, nor of my riding equipment. One stirrup leather was broken off, & I had to carry it in my hand. After awhile the girt broke, & I on a shying horse, with a pile of baggage, & a boy behind me. Thus I rode on better than 4 miles, expect-

ing to be thrown every minute. However, by balancing myself well, I made out to reach the destined place without misfortune. On going to bed—which I did early—found my bed was made of hen feathers, with the ticking torn in places, yet I was so sleepy that I thought I would venture it. In vain! my pipes were soon choked up, but I tried not to stir till compelled to. Was obliged to get up, & hurry to the window for breath. Here I remained for nearly an hour, then put on my cantsloper, took my saddle bags for a bolster, wrapt a blanket about my feet, & laid down on the floor, at as great a distance from the bed as possible, & right under the open window. In this situation I continued to pull for life for near an hour, when I felt a little relieved, & dropt asleep.

Sunday, 12th. Here I am waiting for a passage down the Ohio to Marietta. Have a prospect of going Tuesday morning with Major Tyler. Took a walk this forenoon, something more than a mile to the mouth of the creek. Here is a little town begun. There are eight huts already built, & one pretty good house. The country back from here somewhat settled. If the people were industrious, the farms might be excellent. Even as it is, there are some fine ones. Little trading places are scattered all over this country, within 6 or 8 miles of each other. It has been very hot today, rain & thunder at 1 o'clock, but without effect in cooling the air. The copperhead snake is said to be numerous in the country where I now am. Several killed on this plantation yesterday. The Ohio extremely low, but rising a little. Oh that I could have letters from Boston!

Monday, July 13th. Felt uneasy at staying in this place so long, & although it rained pretty hard, took my baggage & went down to the mouth of the Buffalo. Was obliged to cross the creek three times before reaching its mouth.

At this place is a small town, the beginning of which was made last year. There are eight small houses built here on low ground, the people very poor. I put my saddle bags and kentsloper into one of them, & then went & sat down on bank of the Ohio, ruminating on the experiences of the summer. I had been there about an hour, when my ears were agreeably alarmed by the sound of a drum & fife, at a distance. Looking up the river, I perceived a large boat coming down, loaded with a company of soldiers. When they came opposite, I hailed them, & it proved to be Capt. McCurdy, who invited me to take passage with him, which offer I gladly accepted. At 12 o'clock, noon, I embarked, and, with my new companions, gently glided down the river. It being low in many places, the soldiers were obliged to jump out, & haul the boat over the ripples.

Tuesday, 14th. Slept but little, owing to the incessant noise made by the soldiers. With the help of oars, we dropt down forty miles by 6 in the morning. Then came to an anchor & breakfasted, and at 9 started again, and by sunset had arrived at Fort Harmar. Requested the officer of police to put me across the Muskingum, which he did; and thus I landed at the old settlement. Found all my friends well & flourishing—and as to others, they concern me very little.

The place is materially altered for the better, the people high spirited & confident, but wanting, as I had heard, in that community without which no wheels can run smoothly, viz, cash. Soon after landing, I went to the coffee house; procured me a good cup of coffee; & after a while went to bed; not to sleep, however, for a dog nearby made such a barking & howling, & I was attacked by such a host of fleas that sleeping was impossible. Rose early, & strolled about the place.

Wednesday, 15th. Little comfort in bed. Arose at 3, & took a morning walk. Some of our people have

as fine gardens as I have ever seen, filled with good things. The improvements to be seen on every hand are really surprising. The fields covered with corn, wheat, flax, &c. The hillsides plentiful with herds, game, &c. Dined today with Gen. Harmar.

Thursday, 16th. Breakfasted with Judge Parsons, & spent two hours with him, discussing colony matters. Then walked to Major Sargent's gardens, where I found everything growing luxuriantly, millet, madder, rhubarb, rice, & cotton, besides a great variety of kitchen stuff. Dined with the Major, and in the evening again taken poorly. Perhaps, this last attack owing to my mode of living while coming down the Ohio river.

Friday, 17th. Had a poor night of it. Took a dose of the jaundice elixir. Nibbled a little vegetables & bacon with Billy Gridley. Moped about the most of the day. At noon, died Mr. Joshua Cheever, he having, three days ago, fallen from the bridge in Front st. a distance of 35 ft. which broke his scull, & in fact jammed him into a lump.

Saturday, 18th. Am better, thank God. The day passed in reconnoitering the settlement. I find about sixty good buildings in the city, many of them quite large & handsome. In all belonging to the settlement at least 400 acres of corn, as good as ever was seen, which will undoubtedly produce 20000 bushels of grain. To day the funeral of Mr. Cheever was held, & I attended. The body was placed in a handsome black walnut coffin. About 16 Freemasons attended, as mourners. Two solemn tunes were sung by a choir, and Mr. Storms (?) offered an excellent prayer.

Sunday, 19th. Attended publick worship, where we had a very good performance by Mr. Storms (or Story), on the death of young Cheever.

Monday, 20th July, 1789 (on a detached piece of paper). A beautiful day. Wind S. W. The river ex-

tremely low. Dined off a buffalo fish of 16 lbs weight, with fine young potatoes.

Tuesday, 21st. Clear, serene, middling warm weather. Received a letter from my partners Breck and Downer, to the effect that they had removed down the Monongahela, & should await my return at Pittsburgh, which probably will be soon. Dined with Gen. Harmar.

Wednesday, 22nd. Never was finer weather, the air like crystal, but the waters as low as can be. Spent all the fore part of the day settling with Col. Battelle. At 1½, P. M. crossed the Muskingum, & dined, in free & easy fashion, with Major Doughty.

Thursday, 23d. Three long & tedious months have rolled away since I left my home. Not a single line have I had from Boston as yet. In all this time I have done business at a loss, & the prospect for the future is not cheering. A fire broke out at 9 o'clock this morning, at the house of Gen. Tupper, which might have done much mischief, but happily it was extinguished, before it had spread very far. Dined with Major Doughty in company; then crossed the river at sunset, & made preparations to go up the Ohio.

Friday, 24th. At 9 o'clock this morning, in company with Vanlear (?) Newport Torrey & four others started up the river in two small canoes, & ascended by dint of hard labor 27 miles by sunset, then encamped in the open wilderness. On a bed of green leaves slept well.

Saturday, 25th. At 4½ under way. At 10 o'clock, a hard gust, & a copious fall of rain for one & half hours. Then we went on again till 1 P. M. when we were overtaken by another thunder storm, which lasted two hours, which over, we stood up the river again, & notwithstanding all hindrances, we came through 37 miles by sunset. Made our bivouac on the wet ground, with nothing but my blanket to cover four of us. Towards morning, it rained again.

Sunday, 26th. Neither rain nor wet ground prevented my sleeping. Hard labor, hard fare & free fresh air make a good soporific, and how much to be preferred to your close rooms & feather beds. At 3 o'clock I got up, stiff & sore a little from the exertions of yesterday, but willing to take the setting pole again,—in order to be out of this wilderness, where roam wild beasts & wilder men. We had reason to suppose a party of the savages had seen us last night; and on rising we could hear the cocks crowing in different places around us. This we took to be—which no doubt it was—signals which the Indians were making to each other. We started & kept on till 9 o'clock nearly, when it came on to rain, which hindered us three hours. Not one single rag of clothes or scrap of paper but was wet through. The damage done by the wet to the baggage would amount to several pounds, if reckoned up. We arrived at Zane's, at Wheeling, when the sun was half an hour high, tired, wet & mouldy. Here I must tarry a day or two, dry, & put my baggage in order.

Monday, 27th. Slept soundly last night, & feel all the better for it this morning. A beautiful day, & the wish is strong to be a travelling, but must stop, & try to save as much as I can of my baggage. At 5, P. M. came on another severe gust, & it rained with great force for three hours. After it cleared up I went to bed.

Tuesday, 28th. Rose at 6, breakfasted at 8, and at 9 set off for Washington, mounted on as sorry a jade as I ever bestrid, ugly, contrary, & heavy as a log. I beat, banged, jerked bridle, & swore, but to little purpose, till 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when I found a sort of tavern, or whiskey house, where I stopt, having travelled 18 miles, through a dreary wild, the most of the way. Here I could wet my whistle, & procured pork & cucumbers, which tasted well to a man half famished as I was. By the time self & horse were

sufficiently refreshed, it was 6 o'clock, and a black cloud was rising in the West; but 13 miles were still between me & Washington. Accordingly, I did not think it best to leave the harbor I had made in a hurry, & stopt there all night. I crossed the Wheeling river thirteen times today, which had risen last night 7 feet, and fell this morning 3 feet; but it is still very rapid. Several times I had the water over the tops of my boots, & twice was in imminent danger of being swept away in the current.

Wednesday, 29th. At 4 this morning mounted my Rosinante, & after hard travelling reached Washington at half past 9; thence 7 miles to McC——'s (unreadable) town, where dined; thence to Col. Noel's (?), where I slept. Here most kindly entertained.

Thursday, 30th. The night was a rainy one, & the weather did not clear till 9 o'clock. As soon as it did, I was off for Pittsburg, where I arrived at 11 o'clock. But the boat was not there, although there was plenty of water in the river to float her down. My partners are of a heavier & less enterprising disposition than I am, that is certain; or they fear danger more, or love their ease better. Their neglect to improve the opportunity appears to me inexcusable. At 2 o'clock in Markus Hulen's boat I shall set out to find them. The strong current will be much against me, but it would be favorable for them, bringing them down at the rate of 7 miles an hour. Going up stream, against wind & current we made only 7 miles in all. On stopping for the night, we laid down on the bottom of the boat, & slept soundly till morning.

Friday, 31st. The river rose 5 feet during the night; & the current this morning extremely strong. At 4 we set off; & went to Braddock's Field to breakfast; thence to the mouth of the Yohogany in four hours. There we found the boat, and my people very busy—waiting for me. Made up my mind that as things are, our plans all disconcerted, money so scarce, & as we

feel so differently, it is better to dissolve partnership, make a dividend of the merchandise, & let each one do with his share as he pleases. Laid the matter before the others, & argued the point with them, Dr. Downer agreeing to the dissolution, while Mr. Breck preferred that, so far as we two were concerned, it should continue.

Saturday, August 1st. All day employed in winding up the affairs of the concern. Dr. Downer took his dividend. It has been a very fatiguing day; but I hope for rest tomorrow.

Sunday, 2nd. The Wind at the West. The river falling as fast as it rose. Am afraid I shall get caught again, though with the boat lightened of some part of her load of goods & persons, I don't feel so apprehensive as I should otherwise. Some part of the day spent as it should be; the rest attending to matters that needed to be attended to, such as airing my clothes, which were full of damp & mould, not having been thoroughly dried from the soaking they got on the Ohio river. For seven days have not missed of having a hard shower. This watery world wearies me.

Monday, 3rd. Rose at 4 o'clock, Mr. Downer's things all put up by 9 o'clock, and at 10 they left us, with their effects, bound up the river. I believe the arrangements we have made are really the best. Had our first plans not miscarried, we might have been serviceable to each other; but having nothing to do of any account for nearly three months, we have only been in each other's way. Spent the rest of the day in putting things to rights.

Tuesday, 4th. On getting up this morning, went to putting the boat in sailing order. Shall wait for a passenger till 7 o'clock, & then shove off,—for Pittsburg. At 8, we were under way, & by great exertion, without stopping but once (which was by striking in

the ripples in the middle of the river) we arrived at the famous port of Pittsburg at sunset. Here we staid all night, & fared pretty well.

Wednesday, 5th. Remained the day at Pittsburg. Sold to the amount of about \$10, chiefly in shoes. Do not expect to start till tomorrow, when I expect to be escorted by Capt. Ferguson's company of 50 men, at least to sail in their company. To day, at 4 o'clock, received a cordial that did me good, viz: a letter from my dear partner in Boston, the first I have received from her since I left home. Of itself an inestimable treasure, but it came wrapt in some sort of delicate French paper. Did that enhance it's value? Not at all, for who knows through what hands said dainty paper had passed, or to what uses of folly & vanity it had been applied? However, who cares for the feathers of a bird, or the foul water it has drunk, or the dirty seed it has eaten, if so be it brings glad tidings? This bird wafted real delight to my thirsty soul.

Thursday, 6th. It has been extremely hot all this week, but today seemed almost beyond mortal endurance. We have been waiting all day for company, in fact we cannot go down the river without more help, therefore must wait the motion of Capt. Ferguson. The evening delightfully pleasant. The evening air here is almost always cool. Am pestered with a sore mouth, & am afraid it is scurvy, owing to the mode of living.

Friday, 7th. At 4, P. M. we got under way, and arrived at 12 o'clock at night at Big Beaver, 30 miles, where we stopt, & slept the remainder of the night. A party of Delaware & Seneca Indians were encamped within a mile or two of us.

Saturday, 8th. At 4 o'clock, A. M. got under way again; & after a rather toilsome day, arrived, at 1 o'clock at night, at Mingo Bottom, 45 miles. Much

rain today, with thunder & lightning. I kept the helm ten hours without intermission from Pitt to Little Beaver.

Sunday, 9th. At 7 o'clock, A. M. left Mingo Bottom, a settlement of five log huts, or cabins, & not more than fifty acres of land cleared. Yet, small as the settlement is, here is a store, with a very good assortment of goods, to the value, as I suppose, of £1000. The day is rainy & the wind ahead. At 11 o'clock, arrived at the mouth of the Buffalo, where I must wait one or two days for a Mr. Ludlow, who has purchased the boat. At 6 o'clock, evening, there came on a violent rain with wind & thunder, which lasted nearly three hours. I went to bed at 11 o'clock, having first seen that our arms were in order, as we are now in an enemy's country, and small handed.

Monday, 10th. A foggy, but very warm morning. It has been extremely hot these five days. The people now come on board in shoals, look at the goods, cheapen everything, but buy nothing. In the evening, when the sun was about an hour high, I went about a mile up a steep hill, to the plantation of a Capt McManus (or McMeans) to look at some farms. Staid to tea, & was joined at dusk by Mr. Ludlow, who was acquainted, he said, with the roads through the woods, & would pilot me. I took him at his word, & we set out, just about dusk, I on a little pack horse, & he on foot. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile, before he lost the road. I told him it lay to the right, but he insisted on its being to the left, and stood right into the thickest part of the woods; when, after some distance traversed, we came to a rise of land so steep as to be impassable for a footman, much more for a horse. We then turned to the left again, still going out of the way. We were on Indian ground, & the way as dark as pitch; & we were continually among thorns & briars, breaking our shins over old

logs & fallen trees, & tumbling into holes. My horse fell three times. In fact we were beating about in utter uncertainty & bewilderment for more than two hours; and the sweat was pouring from every part of my body. It is quite impossible to give any adequate idea of our toil & perplexity. We got out of it, however, & came at last to the boat, where I pulled off my clothes which were wet through with perspiration, coat & all.

Tuesday, 11th. At half past 4 in the morning, we cast off our boat for Wheeling. It is extremely hot. Mr. Breck, the Doctor, Mr. Ludlow & myself to navigate our ship of twenty tons burden. We had enough to do for the space of nine hours, when we arrived safe at Wheeling, but thoroughly tired out. Thus after toils & struggles innumerable, & hazards not a few, during a period of three months & nineteen days, we have got to where we mean to make a stand, & watch for every chance to get our goods off our hands.

Wednesday, 12th. Employed in moving the goods from the boat to the store which I have taken from 'Squire Zane, at \$2 per month, & board at 8 shillings a week. It was a work of difficulty, getting the things up this very steep hill; but by patience & perseverance we accomplished it in eight hours.

Thursday, 13th. Opened store, and idle starers were plenty. They would come, hang around for two hours or more, but purchase nothing. We made out to take but \$10. Have made up my mind at length that, if we would do anything, we must take deer skins, furs, & ginseng in exchange for goods. The last article will require great care in the management, in order to keep it good. Seven days since I left Pitt, & have not eaten 3 oz of meat since I came away.

Friday, 14th. The weather still hot, intensely. I never experienced eight days of heat more hard to bear. At 10 o'clock in the morning, Col Sproat &

family stopt here, on their way to Marietta; and at 12 arrived Mr. Benjamin Zane from Sandusky, with a considerable quantity of skins & furs. This Mr. Zane, brother to my landlord, and now upwards of forty years old, was made a prisoner by the Indians, when he was a boy nine years old; & has lived among them almost ever since. He married an Indian woman, & has eight half-breed children, one of which was with him. He still retains the English language, and is a man of good manners, & of very considerable property. Today we have had two smart showers, with the usual accompaniment; but the air seems all the hotter for it.

Saturday, 15th. Close almost to suffocation. The frequent showers & the heat make vegetation to run on ten thousand wheels. I am packing a small quantity of goods to send down to Marietta, which will go in charge of friend Breck. (Here follows a quite long passage written in cypher.) Though no lack of people in the store today, sold but little. The weather a trifle cooler, & the river rising in a slight degree.

Sunday, 16th. Rose at 4 o'clock, & perused some old newspapers from Philadelphia & Carlisle, one as late as 29th July, but found nothing of any value to me. Some part of the day employed in writing to my conjugal partner & others in Boston; some in writing to Marietta; the rest more after the New England fashion. Wrote in all eight letters.

Monday, 17th. Took two guineas from a traveller. Employed in fitting out Gulielmus for Marietta with \$250 worth of goods. Hope he will do his best, & make out well. In two days the river has risen ten feet in perpendicular height. Mr. Breck will have a delightful trip down the Ohio, & will probably reach his port in 24 hours. I perish for lack of vision, which means for me lack of letters.

Tuesday, 18th. Pleasant day, river rising, no boats passing, consequently but little business.

Wednesday, 19th. River falling as fast as it rose. A beautiful day. Hangers on plenty. Oh that they had cash to match their curiosity!

Thursday, 20th. Moon changes. This operated on the feelings & movements of the women, & brought them in shoals, not to hang round like their lords, but to buy. Made between 5 & 6 £ cash from them; & sent them away pleased with their bargains.

Friday, 21st. The river continuing to fall. I have every day, morning & evening, to attend the Kentucky boats which are passing. Have to go down & come up a hill as steep as our Beacon Hill in Boston. This serves to keep my joints limber. Dull business today, & whenever that is the case the dumps acquire the ascendancy. Strive as we may, there is a Power above us that controls events. Fate holds the strings, & men like puppets move hither & thither as they are led. Success is from above.

Saturday, 22nd. Delightful weather, with a touch of the September quality. A good days work, & accordingly great refreshment of spirit. Have purchased of different persons skins & furs to the amount of 100£. which has made me a busy day. A few such days would set me at liberty. Mr. Breck away, I have to do everything with my own hands. But I am not one of those who are unhappy when alone. Expenses from Pigeon creek to Marietta—Dr.

	£"	s"	d
Brought from last leaf of Journal	3"	6"	10
Paid at Wheeling 2 nights & one day	0"	5"	0
Thence to Washington	0"	4"	0
At Washington	0"	2"	0
McCannons	0"	1"	6
Col Neville's	0"	2"	6
Duncan's Fort Pitt	0"	2"	10
	4"	4"	8

Sunday, 23d. A warm day. Spent the chief part of it in my store, where I was quiet & cool. Read more today, than I have any day since I left Boston. Several little parties of amusement were made up, to which I was much urged; but I preferred to stay in my own quarters; for I am fond of the Sabbath, if I am not one of its most rigorous observers.

Monday, 24th. A beautiful day, employed in taking care of my peltry. Went to bed very tired, & slept soundly.

Tuesday, 25th. Fine clear weather, & but little to do. The river now as low as when I came here. Have just heard the intelligence that the Indians have fired on a party of soldiers & surveyors a little below the great Kanawha river. They surprised them in the gray of the morning, and out of nine killed seven. Mathers (?) & the corporal of the guard only escaped to tell the story.

Wednesday, 26th. Rain in the night, & has been a very rainy day from the N. E. This the only day rainy throughout which I have seen since I came from home; and though much water has fallen, it is by no means such a storm as we frequently have in New England. I expect, however, we shall have a mighty swelling of the Ohio, in a day or two, as it is the only great artery that conducts the waters of a thousand streams, big & little, to the Mississippi, & thence to the Ocean.

Thursday, 27th. It ceased to rain some time in the night, & the river has already begun to rise. Business dull.

Friday, 28th. Great numbers collected here today, women, men, & boys, brim full of curiosity & questions, but wanting in cash. From the thousand questions asked me found the only escape was by answering in monosyllables. The result of this day's tedious labors was only about \$3.50. The weather good & clear, & the river, as respects rising, at a stand. (Here follows a passage in cypher)

Saturday, 29th. A cloudy, disagreeable day. Wind at N. N. E. Had but little business. Mr. Zane went a hunting yesterday, & returned with a fine deer. This about the first fresh meat I have seen since I came here, & before that I seldom had any, so that my diet has been pretty much salt meat. To this I attribute a breaking out on my body in several places, with irritation & itching, a form perhaps of scurvy. Mr. Zane raises more than a thousand bushels of corn, besides wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice, flax, &c.; but, like others in these parts, he neglects his garden, which is not good for much, & affords little or nothing. This year he has cut upwards of 150 tons of hay, & he must make money very fast; but he lives in a very poor way for all that. This plantation is as much a frontier outpost as Marietta, indeed more so, as there is nothing separates it from the Indian wild, 200 miles in width, and the whole stretch of the continent in extent. It is only five years since this place was besieged by more than five hundred of the savages; but they did not succeed, and were not permitted to obtain possession of it. I now lay aside the pen to drink "wives & sweethearts."

Sunday, 30th. An exceedingly cold morning, enough to make me shiver. Wind N. a little E. with showers, almost cold enough for snow. Grew warmer in the afternoon. Mounted my horse, & rode up the river to Mr. Chapman's, over an exceeding muddy & hilly road, but in sight of the river all the way. Ate a few peaches & returned. Mr. Zane has nearly 900 peach trees on his plantation, a great part of which hang as full as they can hold; but none of the fruit is quite ripe as yet. He has given me an invitation to pick as many as I please, & I expect to have full swing in a day or two. Mr. Br—n (unreadable) a young man from Conigogig who has a store in one end of the same building with mine generally goes with me once

a day to visit the orchards & fetch water from a beautiful spring. On our return we generally take a drink together just before dinner. This we stand in need of, as we have nothing but water at dinner. Though I am fully persuaded that two stores—as things are—are more than half too much, that belief does not prevent me from living with my next neighbor in great harmony. At night, he sleeps up stairs, & I on the lower floor, on a straw bed, with such bed covering as my travelling baggage can furnish.

Monday, 31st, and the last of August, and, accordingly, last day of summer. It is almost as cold as it usually is the last day of Autumn. The people have sat by the fire all the afternoon, & this evening I find it decidedly comfortable. The people who live here pretend to say, they never saw such weather before; but I am of opinion, from observation, that take summer & winter through, this climate does not average warmer than the county of Suffolk in Massachusetts. True rice grows here, & also madder & rhubarb, but, on the other hand, their melons are no better than ours. Rheumatism begins to pester me, owing perhaps to these sudden changes of weather.

Tuesday, September 1st. Weather still cold. Great probability of frost tonight. No boats seem to be moving up or down the river, & no business at the store; yet I dare not move for fear of losing chances. I am holding Colly* by the tail.

Wednesday, 2nd. Cold still, with heavy flying clouds. Some rain from the S. W. The river again quite low.

Thursday, 3rd. Fine weather.

Friday, 4th. I might as well stop this journal. Nothing to enter upon it, but the same round of rising, eating three times a day, & sleeping at night.

Saturday, 5th. Middling warm. Several arrivals from Muskingum. Some business usually comes in

*See note on page 132.

the wake of such, but not much. My landlord has a fine lot of peaches. I am amusing myself with cutting, drying, & making pickles from them. Have made a pot of 5 gals of them, which shall distribute among the ladies at Fort Harmar & Marietta.

Sunday, 6th. Fine pleasant weather. Have done a great deal of writing, &, among other things, have been over to the island. Go to bed tired.

Monday, 7th. More arrivals from Marietta.

Tuesday, 8th. Nothing to do, nothing to say.

Wednesday, 9th. A delightful day. Have employed myself in overhauling furs & skins, & in picking, cutting, & drying peaches. Put some into the N. E. spirit to give it a flavor. Tomorrow I propose to put up a pot of this kind of pickles for Madam Harmar, & another for Madam Battelle. Though there is such a superabundance of peaches, I cannot bear to see them wasted.

Tuesday, 10th. Will, to amuse & occupy myself, write out a few Remarks on my Expedition & the Season of 1789.

Left Boston on the 23d April. Had an agreeable time at Baltimore where I found the goods in excellent order. But here an unlucky & unexpected event occurred. I was obliged to pay better than £30 duty on merchandise brought, or else leave it behind. I felt this to be hard luck, as it deprived me of travelling money. Flour, at the time, came to a quick market in Baltimore, & so high the price, that the wagoners chose rather to bring flour there than to engage to go over the mountains. This made it next to impossible to procure wagons to answer our purpose. At length, however, I succeeded in engaging some to take our goods about 90 miles to Shippensburg, where we stored them. From there made several rides round the neighborhood, seeking for help, & finally made a bargain with one Daniel Elliott to transport the goods to Fort

Pitt, or Redstone; but when the time came, he did not appear, but sent word he could not perform according to promise. Breck & myself were at that time upward of one hundred miles off, and Downer was obliged to make a new contract. This made a delay of ten days, but finally the wagons came on, & were advanced within 4 miles of Redstone, when a terrible tornado laid prostrate the forests right in the line of our march, cutting a path four miles wide. This proved a barrier impenetrable for the time; and, after reconnoitering & consulting nearly a whole day, we ordered the wagons down to Little Redstone, a small creek that empties into the Monongahela, five miles below Redstone Old Fort.

Here we put our goods into a deserted cabin, within a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the river. The next day the Doctor & I went through the scene of devastation to Sam. Jackson's, a distance of four miles, & here bought a Kentucky boat, which was brought down the next Monday; and on Tuesday put our goods on board, opened store & did business. All this while the river was falling, & we dropt out at the mouth of the creek. The next day we heard of the great depreciation in ginseng, which was bringing total confusion to our former plans. We thought it absolutely necessary to wait for confirmation of the news, which we did, giving out that the river was too low to admit of our going down. I did not want the inhabitants, who are very inquisitive, to be precisely informed of the state of our affairs. However, in point of fact, the river did get so low in a few days that it was impossible for a boat as big as ours to go over the ripples. This continued a long time, and after being confined upward of 30 days to the Monongahela, & after the disagreeable news in regard to ginseng was also confirmed, I formed the plan of exploring the country that lay betwixt us & Muskingum, with the understanding with my partners that

the boat should come down the river, if the waters arose in my absence. On Wednesday, the 8th of July I set out by land & on foot, & reached Washington at 2 o'clock, and here spent the afternoon & night. There is a number of stores in this little place, as it is a county town & centre—all between a number of rivers. I critically observed the manner of trade here, & came to the conclusion that it would not answer to bring our goods to the place. The next morning, I stood for the mouth of the Buffalo, & reached it by sunset. Here is a little town a building right at the confluence of the creek with the Ohio. The beginning only was made this spring, & nine houses of good size have been erected. In time it will be a good place for trade. I remained here a day or two, waiting for a passage down the river, & meantime got acquainted with a number of stout, wealthy farmers that live back from the river some 7 or 8 miles, & raise a good deal of produce. These men, as time rolls on, & the place grows, will be of consequence to the little town. I was strongly inclined to bring some or all the goods to this place, but other counsels prevailed. I procured a passage down the river to the place whither I was most strongly drawn, viz, Muskingum; but there found, as I feared would be, a condition of things by no means encouraging: they wanted everything, but had little or nothing to pay for it with, so that I durst not venture to come here, in the fear that they would prevail on me against myself, & that I should let them have the goods without pay. Here I remark that Kentucky is, according to report, filled with merchants who cannot dispose of their goods, as the dealing medium of exchange ginseng has utterly depreciated. Those who ought to know say, that there are ten traders there where there was but one last summer. And it seems to be a prevailing opinion that two thirds of the traders referred to will be ruined by this summer's business.

The quandary was very disagreeable & embarrassing. To stay with effects in the Monongahela, or to take a store on either of its banks would not do; for it would not be possible to vend the goods till winter, & then only by receiving produce, which could not be disposed of until the following spring or summer, nor, perhaps, without going to New Orleans. As to go to Kentucky was going farther from home, with no corresponding improvement in the prospect, & as to go to Muskingum was to encounter the risk of being cozened out of the whole; I bent my mind seriously on Wheeling, & decided with myself that that was the place for our concern to go to. Having made up my mind to that, I did not let "grass grow on my tracks," but settled business at Marietta with all expedition, & turned face up the river.

Arrived at Zane's Sunday, 26th July, in a deplorable condition. Stayed two days to clean up, & dry clothes & papers; & had great reason to expect the boat would be down, as the river had risen not a little. However, no such thing. Perhaps through feeling themselves very comfortable; perhaps because they did not care to encounter the hazards which beset all enterprises here just now, & run the risk of being plundered, or murdered even, by the Indians; my partners did not choose to quit the waters of the Monongahela. Having hired a store of Mr. Zane, I set off in quest of the boat. Went by land to Pittsburg, a distance of 60 miles, & then by water up the Monongahela, 21 miles, against a powerful current. At the mouth of the Yohogany I found the boat lying, and I must say with a feeling of no little vexation. Here I had been near a month beating about, exposed to hardships of one sort & another, heat, thunder storms, drenchings, loss of way in the forests, camping out on the wet ground, &c.; & here they were taking it easy, making no use of opportunity, &, with all their comforts about them, seem-

ingly content so to stay. Here I had toiled up to them, while there was nothing to prevent their drifting down to where I was—if they had so chosen. That I chafed inwardly there is no denying. I resolved to keep my feelings to myself, if I could; but to propose a breaking up of the concern. I reported the state of the country, & the difficulty, if not impossibility, of disposing of the goods to advantage, & proposed a dissolution of the partnership. Dr. Downer assented, said he would take his quota of the goods, & do the best he could for himself; but Mr. Breck did not care to venture himself alone, but preferred to continue the copartnery. The next day, the old concern broken up, & Dr. Downer having received his share, the boat was dropt down the river. We stopt three days at Pitt, one night at Big Beaver, & one day & two nights at Buffalo, & at 12, noon, on the 11th August, arrived safely at Wheeling. Next day unloaded the big boat, & put up the goods in the store. The situation is a pleasant & agreeable one; the store a new one, high on the bank of the Ohio, with a beautiful island, three miles long, stretching directly in front. From the new store, there is a delightful prospect, not only of this island, but a view also of two miles down the river. We are 96 miles from Pitt, 84 from Marietta, & 31 from Washington. Here the boats going either to or from the settlements, either above or below, always stop; here I am handy to the farmers; & here I can watch the markets at Marietta, & send them such supplies as are needed.

After a while it appeared advisable that friend Breck should take a trip to Muskingum, carrying goods with him for sale, such as he might hope to dispose of to advantage. Accordingly, on Monday, 17th August, he set off with goods to the amount of £75, lawful currency. Information received from him, from

time to time, will be very valuable. He may stay there, possibly, until we begin to think of going home.

Friday, 11th. Fine weather, the river low, & business continues dull.

Saturday, 12th. Warm & lowery. Have pickled 5 gallons of the best & largest peaches my eyes ever beheld. It takes only three of them to weigh a pound. Picked them all with my own hand, & took none but those which seemed to be the very best. The pickles I mean to send to Mrs. Harmar, Mrs. Battelle, Mrs. Ziegler. They will furnish something of a variety to them. Have also cut & dried a bushel of elegant peaches to put into the spirit to give it a flavor.

Sunday, 13th. A cool & agreeable day. Begins to look & feel like autumn. Feel the approaches of age as the days, months & years roll away. Think I am endeavoring to do my duty, yet I sometimes have my doubts whether I am not wrong in leaving my young family for so long a time. A higher power directs in these matters more than we do. The want of intelligence from home makes the time pass very heavily; and a breaking out all over torments me sadly, & I am dosing to try to be rid of it (Here quite a long passage in cypher).

Monday, 14th. Fine Fall weather.

Tuesday, 15th. Weather same as yesterday. How this breaking out does spread! Began about eight days ago with one large pimple on my back, the next day 2, the next 4, then 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, & so on in geometrical ratio. Ossa will be piled up on Pelion, if I don't find out some way to prevent their increase. Have taken 2 oz. glauher salts, am now taking *medicamentum*. Exposure, wilderness fare, & the Lord knows what company I have been in. I cannot explain it in any other way.

Wednesday, 16th. A fine day & all that.

Thursday, 17th. ditto. Did considerable business,

chiefly loading two floats down the river, Benjamin Hulen's & Jacob Fowler's, both bound for the Big Kenawha.

Friday, 18th. Awoke as usual just at the break of day. Heard talking out doors, supposed it might be strangers just arrived; and immediately arose, & dressed myself. Found people waiting for me. Purchased forty deer skins, & had them in my store before sunrise, a transaction which restored me a great deal to a better feeling. This while Br—n, who hangs about me like my shadow, was snoring in the other part of the building. I chuckled not a little, picturing to myself his astonishment when he would see the skins. Today Mr. John White came down the river. With him I traded to the amount of \$25, and sent friend William (Breck) at Muskingum about £40 worth of goods.

Saturday, 19th. As heavy a fog as ever I saw. The clouds came down & rested upon us until 10 o'clock, when it cleared up into a fine day.

Sunday, 20th. This morning as foggy as yesterday. Employed, by myself, as usual, in the store, reading some, writing more. Since leaving Boston I have not slept one wink by daylight; therefor can accuse myself of no waste of time in that fashion,—as the way of some is, who feel themselves at leisure.

Monday, 21st. Foggy morning, but fine clear day, the sun very hot. We have had no rain for fourteen days. The Ohio lower than ever known; can be forded in many places. This gives great opportunity for the savages to cross over & do mischief, which has been frequent this summer. According to the best computation I can make, the Indians have killed in various places about fifty men & women, taken a number of prisoners, & carried off many horses.

Tuesday, 22nd. Still foggy in the early morning, but excellent clear weather when the fog has disap-

peared. Business dull, & not much for me to do but to watch the progress of affairs on the surface of my body. The first settlement made, there was speedily a separation into two families; & they soon began to emigrate & settle in different parts of the body; & these again to send out new colonies, till in fact they seem to have taken up all the ground, excepting some few necks & peninsulars. I am now recruiting forces to make a combined attack on them, with "horse foot & dragoons."

Wednesday, 23d. This day five months I left home little knowing what a painful experience was before me. Happy for mankind that they are not permitted to look into futurity, or scan the mighty maze through which we have to pass in the course of this life. It would paralyze the efforts of many, & beget indolence & idleness. Instead of attempting great projects, demanding courage & enterprise, they would settle down into utter sloth & supineness. When they are led on from one thing to another, & know not the end until they come right upon it (& then perhaps in some form wholly unexpected) they are receiving good they did not imagine, & doing good, perhaps, in shapes that did not enter into their plans. Much self-knowledge is gained in the process, that is certain; & much brought about, possibly, that other times & generations will feel the benefit of. Sometimes, when men attain to riches & honor, it cannot be attributed to their superior skill or knowledge; but their success must be set down to what we call, for want of a better name, Good Fortune. I have had a tolerable share of favors from luck, but this year it is against me. But old Job—whose condition by the way was not unlike mine—has put it much better than I have, "What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, & shall we not receive evil.?"

Thursday, 24th. Fine dry weather, but not much business. In the evening arrived Dr. Downer, with

others from the South East. These Yankees certainly are not a quiet people, like the folks 'round here. One of them, in a very little time, will make more noise than ten Kohees. Was up till 12 o'clock at night writing letters to Muskingum, so as to send back the boat early in the morning.

Friday, 25th. (Written for the most part in cypher, ending with "wearisome nights are appointed unto me.")

Saturday, 26th. Rose early, & feel wretchedly. Having no assistance, am obliged to keep about, and do what little business I can. Wrote several letters to Muskingum, & had a chance to send them in the evening.

Sunday, 27th. Feel no better. Where the devil did this accursed Scotch Irish itch come from? I do believe I have it; but how I caught it there is no telling. To be sure there was company enough, & of all sorts too. Pandora, with her general assortment of plagues, must have been in her worst mood when she poured out this torment on mankind. How to get rid of it must be the question now. Scratching, with interludes of reading, has been the business of the day. (Here cypher.)

Monday, 28th. Slept none, and the day unspeakably wretched; but a great & unexpected relief came about 12 o'clock, viz. letters from Boston. These did real service, & were worth more to me than half a druggists stock in trade. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The river presents a true resemblance to the ups & downs of this mortal life. It is now very low, & even little boys can wade across it, in places. Looking at the river, I read a commentary on my own course of life. Although I have never risen so high as some have, so, on the other hand, I have not fallen so low as others. My pilgrimage has been a very checkered one. In very truth I must say, I

have experienced pangs of bitter woe in these two years past; but quoth Sam. Johnson, in lines I remember to have read somewhere,

“By woe, the soul to daring action swells,
By woe in plaintless patience it excells;
From patience, prudence, clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge thro’ the course of things:
Thence hope is formed, thence fortitude, success,
Renown,—whate’er men covet & caress.”

This afternoon some road makers were driven in by a party of Indians, how large I know not. These inroads are not infrequent, so common in fact that we think but little of them, perhaps not nearly so much as we should. I am generally prepared for them, with two pistols and two guns, properly loaded, besides a tomahawk at the head of my bed.

Tuesday, 29th. Nights as restless as ever, & I drag through my days heavily. Make out to do some business. Have taken in today several little parcels of sang (ginseng), bought 32 fox & wild-cat skins, receive a canoe load of flour, whiskey, &c, &c.

Wednesday, 30th. Remarkably fine weather. The bottom of the river almost bare. The Indians, in several places, murdering, scalping, plundering.

Thursday, October 1st. A cold raw morning, & growing colder every day. Snow squalls in the course of the day. My landlord & several others gone a hunting. The Indians killed eight men, three days ago, at a little distance from this place. The next day, they killed or carried off into captivity four families. As I always sleep by myself in a lone log-store, I keep my arms constantly in good order. Tonight I shall load these arms, two with buck shot, and a ball in the other, besides my pistols which I lay at the head of the bed. If the yellow devils come, I intend to give them a proper blazing.

Friday, 2nd. No Indians last night, but a very heavy

frost, ice in many places, in fact winter seems to be close at hand.

Saturday, 3rd. This morning, my landlord came home, bringing with him the carcasses of seven fine deer, some of them as fat as mutton. We shall live now on venison instead of bacon. A very cold, raw & lowery day; but one of the best days for business have had yet. Have taken in near 200 lbs of ginseng, 70 odd deer skins & bear skins, to the amount of upwards of £25, and delivered out the pay in goods, without help from any body; & this just what I like.

Sunday, 4th. A cold uncomfortable day. There have been severe frosts for three nights, and the days have also been cold. A Mr. Jones, a baptist preacher from near Philadelphia, came here last night, & preached today. I heard him all day. He is more than a middling preacher, & an agreeable companion to boot. This is the second time I have heard preaching since I left Boston. Although there is a holding forth every Tuesday by preachers of a certain stamp; whose yelling as if they would split their throats & damnation doctrine disgust me entirely. I can hear them well enough, if I have a mind to, without leaving the store.

Monday, 5th. The weather warmer. The river shrunk almost to nothing. Business dull, so am I.

Tuesday, 6th. Rose at 5, determined to mope no longer. Took my gun, & was over the hill just as the sun rose. Spied two fine turkeys at roost on a very high tree, fired at them with 13 buck shot, & killed them both. Was back home again when the sun was an hour high, & felt quite elated. Took in considerable sang (ginseng) & that about all.

Wednesday, 7th. A fine pleasant day. My skin troubles much abated. Have been hard at work all day handling sang. Have striven not a little to buy 2000 lbs of sang from a Kentucky Dutchman, but he

was solicitation proof; but I am determined to go at him again. Never since I became an inhabitant of this wicked world have I striven harder about business matters than during the last six months. I laid my plans, & was determined, if mortal ability would suffice, to execute them; but I have been baffled in every way. I have no idea of giving out. I had about as lief die as return defeated.

Thursday, 8th. Rainy morning, but a fine day. River beginning to rise, but slowly. Have been playing out my best cards to the Dutchman, but have not trumped him yet. Have kept his skin full, which is the way to deal with men of his kidney, & tried to prevent correspondence on his part with the many packers who come here for cargoes, lest he should send off his sang elsewhere.

Friday, 9th. Have had a good share of custom today, taken near a hundred weight of sang, by driblets, also some peltry. My Dutchman still holds out. During the night considerable rain with thunder.

Saturday, 10th. After some manœuvring, marching & counter-marching, attacks & feints, the bargain completed, my Dutchman capitulated; & was allowed to march out with all the honors of war. Closed the bargain with him for 1700 lbs. sang. Had to employ all my tactics, however; for two other men, as I have since found out, were working against me all the time. Whether this be a fortunate or an unfortunate purchase time must determine. It will at any rate take off some of my goods, & so far is a stroke towards deliverance & freedom. My unsold goods I must leave behind, or sacrifice.

Sunday, 11th. Improved the day as it ought to be spent.

Monday, 12th. Rose early, & went to business. The more fuss & bluster a man makes, in business as in other matters, the more credit he gets with some folks.

Must keep the drums a-beating & the colors a-flying, whatever I may think of the state of affairs in the camp. If I fail—thank the Lord I can say that—it will not be for want of effort on my part. Sure am I, I do more business in a day than neighbor Br—n in a month.

This morning a passenger down the river gave information of two lads, respectively 10 & 12 years of age, by name Johnstone, taken prisoners by two Indians in the Christian dress & wearing beaver hats. These Indians hung 'round till almost night, looking for horses, but finding none retired into the wilderness about 6 miles, taking the boys with them; & there, making a fire, laid down to sleep, each Indian having a boy on his arm. The boys, of course, did not rest quiet, but when they thought the Indians sound asleep, slipped down towards the fire. There they concerted a plan of killing the Indians, & escaping. The eldest took the lead. He seized one of the rifles, aimed it at the head of one of the Indians, & then passed it into the hands of his younger brother, enjoining him to fire when he saw him, the elder, strike the tomahawk into the head of the other savage. This was completed, according to the plan, the boys got safe away, &, coming back, informed the inhabitants that they heard their captors say, there were fifty warriors lurking 'round, about 25 miles off. This roused the people in alarm.

Tuesday, 13th. An uncomfortable day. A number of the stoutest & bravest men mustering to go on a hunt after the Indians made a considerable parade.

Our braves returned having found one of the Indians dead, but the other, with a ghastly wound, only half dead. He looked so horribly, they dared not go near him, but let him escape.

Thursday, 15th. A rainy day.

Friday, 16th. Rose early, took my gun, & was off

on another stroll for game. Was in luck again, killed three turkeys, & was back a little after sunrise. We have had a spell of snowing for four days, but little rain however. The river so low that there is no passing excepting in canoes. The sun has been scarcely seen for four days.

Saturday, 17th. Rose at day break, having been awake three hours, took my gun, & went into the woods. Kept a good lookout for Indians, but a better for turkeys. Killed four stout fellows, and wounded a fifth, which I chased till I was thoroughly blown; then turned & left him. Took the four dead ones, & came home, & found, by the time I got there, that I did not want the fifth, as I was well tired carrying the four. This hunting has become an old affair, and, as the charm is worn off, I believe I shall hunt no more. What I have done was done on principle, viz—to circulate the blood.

Sunday, 18th. Cloudy, raw, & cold. I am hankering to see the sun, also am desirous for Mr. Breck's return. I urged him to be here by the 15th inst. Ten days ago he wrote me on business matters, & the same day I had written to him he wrote to me. I trust he will see the necessity, now, at this part of the season, to be a-stirring.

Monday, 19th. Rose early, & have been full of business. Wheels & machinery well in motion now. Out of the twenty-four hours did not spend more than half an hour in eating. The rest of the time exerted every faculty and every limb. I trust I have now averted a defeat. I have a plan laid which if I can accomplish will throw me well ahead. My practice is, generally, to write till 11, & sometimes till 12 o'clock, at night; so that in fact I am in business eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. My last business is to write in this journal; and, consequently, under the circumstances, it cannot always be very correct. It will show one

thing at least, that, whatever I may have around me, I go to bed sober.

Tuesday, 20th. A busy day. Have a sore throat, & the middle finger of my right hand is much jammed. I can spare neither the finger, nor the organ of speech. Letters from Boston received by Walcutt.

Wednesday, 21st. Am using the day packing sang & putting casks in order. Wagon load of salt of John McCall, at 21/ per bushel, & shall load him back tomorrow. This the third wagon which has been here since it was settled. As to the Indians, they keep lurking 'round us. Some days two, & others three, are seen lurking about,—spies no doubt. As I sleep in a lone building, I keep my arms all loaded, near at hand, & ready to use at any moment.

Thursday, 22nd. Rose very early, & by 10 o'clock had loaded & sent away John McCall with seven large casks of ginseng & ten bundles of deer skins & furs. The whole weight 2000 lbs. I am to pay him £16 Penn^a money or 12''16 L. M. (lawful money?) His wagon loaded full. Mr. Breck not arrived. What sang I have taken is very good, but the people were loath to dig it at 1/6, and I would not take it if dug before the first of September. In 15 days from that time, there came a frost & rain, which knocked it all down, so that the diggers had only 15 days to work in. Some years it is good to gather till the middle of November. If it had been so this year it would have made some thousand weight difference in our favor.

Friday, 23d. A fine pleasant day, but I believe a weather breeder, for I feel wofully; head, heart & hands are all weary, and not being crowded with business I have had time & chance to find it out. This taking in & properly securing & packing deer skins, furs, sang, &c, is wearisome business for one pair of hands. In the space of one month I have taken in upward 2800 lbs sang, some of it quite green (this I have 3

for 1) & most of it wants sunning two, three, or four days, and, on account of showers sometimes, must be taken in three or four times a day. I have also taken about 1400 lbs of deer skins & furs. These also must be aired & packed in the nicest order. These all paid for in goods, & an account must be kept of all that goes out & all that comes in, which I have done in proper form. I sometimes write six, seven, or eight letters a day, never less than three. Besides which write in my journal every day. Have used up two boxes of wafers since I came from home. Certain it is I spend no idle time until 11 or 12 o'clock at night, then, sometimes, sleeping as I do in a lone house, I spend an hour or so in meditation. But I will not complain of my lot; for was I not, like the rest of my race, born to care & toil? Whither can I flee from the hurry of business, or whither shall I go from anxiety & care? If I go to the Western waters, behold it is there; if I return to Boston, lo it is there; if I take the wings of a ship, & escape to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall its hand lead me, & its right hand shall hold possession of me. So, on the whole, it is best to keep on doing our duty, not fretting with what cannot be helped, & seeking to be content with what is allotted to us. However, it is much easier to talk or write about resignation than to practise it.

Saturday, 24th. This may be called a rainy day, the second I have seen since leaving Boston. These heavy, continuous rains, while they injure the roads, help the rivers, & mightily the poor travellers imprisoned at Redstone, in number upwards of 500 persons, many of whom have been detained there two months or more. Such will have reason to sing for joy. So rainy I have done no business, except to write two letters & post books, both by candle light.

Sunday, 25th. Late in the last evening, arrived two boats from Marietta. I saw them two miles off, &

knew them at once. Hoped Mr. Breck might be in one of them, but, very much to my disappointment, he was not. In one of the boats came as passenger a Mrs. Bilderback, who with her husband was taken by the savages at Short Creek, 8 miles from here, early in last July. The day after she was taken she was separated from her husband, & committed to the care of one Indian, who travelled with her alone fifteen days. When the rest of the band joined them, they had killed her husband, & brought his clothes to her, & showed them as a trophy. She was carried back into the wilderness to many of the Indian towns, & thence to the Miamis, where she was released. She is a young woman of about twenty-three years of age; & left behind her two children, one of which was a nursing child. When she went away from this place, I gave her calico enough to make slips for her children. These Kentuck fellows give me some annoyance. I went to my store on some little piece of business, when a number of them crowded in, drunk & noisy, and I could not get rid of them for two hours. I was obliged to pick a quarrel with one of them, & push him out. Where is Ben Hulen, with my mare and saddle? (Passage obliterated)

Monday, 26th. Lowery, cold weather, & but little a doing. Mr. Breck has not come, & I am weary waiting for him.

Tuesday, 27th. Tolerable weather. The river risen a very little. I went out in the morning, & shot two turkeys. In the evening—to my no small relief—Mr. Breck arrived.

Wednesday, 28th. Have been busy all day talking over matters & things with my partner. I am trying to persuade Mr. Breck to buy all the stock remaining on hand. Have inventoried the whole, & now make him an offer of a beaver hat & suit of broad-cloth clothes, if he will say what he will give & take. How-

ever, he is very different in temperament from myself, & moves slowly. I shall not know anything about it till he has chewed the cud upon it awhile, in the morning, perhaps, after he has slept upon it.

Thursday, 29th. A rainy day. After breakfast Mr. Breck announced that he had concluded to take the hat & clothes & set a price. This suits me exactly; & he agrees to give £190 for the stock. He has my note for the hat & clothes.

Friday, 30th. Employed in settling accounts, & arranging matters with Mr. Breck, packing sang, deer skins, &c. The river risen 6 feet. A Mr.* Woodbridge, with a young family, from Norwich (Connecticut), arrived here, this evening, bound for Marietta.

Saturday, 31st. Closed matters with Mr. Breck. Assisted in fitting out Mr. Woodbridge. About sunset, Mr. Parsons arrived from Fort Pitt, & brought a budget of letters, the postage 7/, one of them dated as early as July, & others as late as 4th October.

Sunday, November 1st. Feeling somewhat at leisure, I put on my ruffled shirt and best clothes, which I have not done before since I came here, & went up the river, two miles, in a canoe, to visit a Mr. Martin & lady, who live on the Indian shore. We dined on venison, corn pork, & plenty of roots & vegetables. This Mr. Martin married a daughter of my landlord, some time ago, & went on to the place where he is now living, this Spring. He has a fine family already, has built a house, raised ten acres of corn, put in ten acres of wheat, & withal added another baby to the family. If people out here—such is the fertility of the soil, & such the abundance of good things—can manage to build them a log-hut near some good spring of water, & plant them a little land with corn, they are rich enough. The woods will furnish them with plenty of

* This may be Mrs. It is difficult to make out whether the writer intended to write Mr. or Mrs.

superfluities. Turkey are much more numerous here than in our country, & as yet much fewer people to eat them.

Monday, 2nd. Spent this day in bargaining with Mr. Breck relative to the homeward bound goods, & finally closed with him.

Tuesday, 3rd. Busy in settling accounts with my old customers all 'round, arranging matters with my late partner, &c. &c.

Wednesday, 4th. Rode out seven miles to see a Mr. Hall, who is to carry my things over the mountains at 15/ per hundred. I suffered severely from cold. It snowed all the fore part of the day, & the snow lay on the mountains four inches thick.

Thursday, 5th. Another cold day. But I had business enough to keep me warm, dispatching my skins & sang, (14 horse loads) weight about 2900 lbs. This carried on horses 250 miles. Each horse has a bell, & there is a driver to every five horses. Tomorrow I set my face towards HOME.

Friday, 6th. Spent the fore part of the day in writing letters to Muskingum, packing my clothes, &c. Dined at 2 o'clock. At 3 left Wheeling, without company, to traverse the woods to West Liberty, a distance of 12 miles. After laboring with extremely bad roads, & crossing the creek seventeen times, I at length reached the place at 6 o'clock, without any accident except losing my spur. I look upon this 12 miles as being as good as a day's work, after having gone through all the ceremonies of quitting my old habitation & connexion.

Saturday, 7th. Rose at day break, & sallied forth to look up a spur somewhere; but to no purpose. It turned out a rainy day. I am afraid I shall have to wait till tomorrow for the packers; & having started homewards, feel a little impatient. Besides I have a visit or two to make at the mouth of the Buffalo; &

probably shall go to Fort Pitt before I begin in earnest to climb the mountains.

Sunday, 8th. Rained all day, yesterday, and as black an evening as ever I saw. My packers not come, therefore I spent Sunday at Major Sprig's at West Liberty. This a good publick house in a pretty little village, only two years old, the seat of Justice for Ohio county. It contains upward of thirty dwelling houses, most of which are taverns. Late at night the weather cleared up, at 12 o'clock, & today is very pleasant.

Monday, 9th. Left my bed at 2 o'clock, A. M. called up the host, and it being a fine, bright, moonshining morning, assisted the packmen for some time. Took breakfast, and at 5 o'clock set off for Washington, in company with the packers. We had eighteen horses loaded, & five men who took care of them, each man having a horse. There were two other men besides myself. So that in the troop there were twenty-six horses, & eight men,—a small number. I travelled with them only two hours. They moved so slowly, & made such a confusion, that I was glad to be quit of them, & to start off through the wilderness alone. Traversed most intricate paths, through mud often up to the horse's belly. However, I made out to reach Washington in ten hours, a distance of 21 miles. In that distance was quite lost three times. I am fairly tired, & so is my little rockaway, for it has been very warm. We both of us have sweated like rain. I mean to tarry at this place till the packers come up.

Tuesday, 10th. In the course of four days, I have made out, with great industry, to get 51 miles from Wheeling. Saturday I didn't ride, it being rainy; but studied, which shakes up one's brains quite as much as the riding does the rest of the body. At 7 o'clock, last evening, my packers arrived, having passed the wilderness of 21 miles.

Wednesday, 11th. A bright night when I went to

bed; but in the night there sprung up a violent storm of wind & rain, which lasted till morning. Rose at the usual hour, had my horse fed, & brought up, & about sunrise mounted him. Had not ridden far before it set in to rain. The roads bad enough before, now became worse. I rode in the rain 11 miles, through a wild country where I saw no houses. Glad was I when this stage ended. While I was eating my breakfast, the weather cleared up, & became very warm. I made out to cross the Monongahela, and arrived at Summerill's ferry on the Yohogany at sunset, tired & sick.

Thursday, 12th. Feel poorly this morning. Have taken cold, or rather the distemper which rages every where on this side of the Alleghany mountains. Ate breakfast here, and at 9 o'clock set out on my lonely journey. Such travelling! However, I made out 20 miles, & put up at Antford's, the Dutchman, where were not less than fifty souls. Among these was a Mr. Linsey, with a family consisting of himself, wife, & nine children, bound for Kentucky. They appear to be a family of note.

Friday, 13th. Rose early, pursued my journey, with roads in a worse condition than yesterday, & myself sicker. But across the Laurel mountains, & arrived at Ankelley's (?), sun half an hour high, I was glad to rest. I made out 22 miles. If my horse had not been of the first quality, I should not have travelled 10 miles.

Saturday, 14th. Rose at 5 o'clock, called up the boy who slept in the same chamber, & had him make the fire. Then I got up & dressed, but was much fitter to keep my bed, for I was really sick. But if it is dreadful for a traveller, at a little distance from home, to give out & lay sick at a tavern, it is much more so when at a distance of 450 miles away. Accordingly, I summoned all my resolution, & banged round till it was light, when I mounted, & sticking to my text better

than parson — does to his, rode 36 miles, to Todd's tavern. On the crest of the Alleghany mountains to day. When I was on the top was on the ridge pole of the continent.

Sunday, 15th. Last night, soon after I put up, came on a severe thunder gust. One bolt of the lightning struck within seventy rods of my quarters. The clap which followed was as heavy & as handsome as ever I heard. Had good entertainment here, but I was so sick I could not enjoy it. Rose at 6, but although it had not ceased raining, & I was in snug quarters, & sick enough to lie by, the idea of approaching winter & of the great distance I was from home overpowered every other consideration, & urged me on. Crossed the Sideling Ridge, & travelled 35 miles.

Monday, 16th. Arrived at John McCall's, Fort Loudon, very tired & sick. In coming over the last mountains I rode through a heavy thick cloud. Here I was almost frozen, although on both sides the mountain it was hot & smoking. While in the cloud, which was about half an hour I could detect the odor of sulphur plainly; and my kentsloper was nearly wet through, although it did not rain.

Tuesday, 17th. Little rest last night, & feel wretchedly today; but the thought of winter & the journey still before me keeps me on my legs. This day agreed with John McCall to carry my skins & furs to Philadelphia, & also agreed with Jeremiah Hamilton to take two (?) wagon loads of sang to Baltimore. The distance to Philadelphia 150 miles, to Baltimore 98. I pay £5 per ton to Baltimore, and £9 per ton to Philadelphia. These loads are to start on Thursday 19th inst. At the same time I start for Baltimore, with intention to do what business I have there, & then meet my wagon at Philadelphia. This is a hard stint I have set myself, but I must strain every nerve & muscle to perform it, keeping home in view enough to clap the

spur into me once in awhile, but not so much as to interfere with business. To day has been warm & smoky. Last (?) Saturday night was a great *aurora borealis*, or Northern light, said to be the greatest ever known in these parts; but I have seen greater in our section.

Wednesday, 18th. Took breakfast at Capt. Pattens, and at 10 o'clock set off for Mercersburg. On my way bought seven barrels of flour, three superfine @ 28/ and four fine @ 26/. I bought these to make three tons. Being obliged to pay for tons, I am determined they shall carry it. I arrived at Mr. Erwin's at 12 o'clock, in hopes to find my packers there, but they had not come. It is a cold, but fine clear day.

Thursday, 19th. Raw, cold. Packers not come. Took my horse & went back to North Mountain. Here I found them, at 3 o'clock, P. M. I hurried them on; & arrived back at my lodgings at sunset. The wagoners were waiting here. I set to work without delay, & had them loaded by 8 o'clock in the evening, & then tired & sick went to bed.

Friday, 20th. Rose as soon as it was light. Settled with the packers, & started the wagons off. Then set out myself for Baltimore, & although the days are mere nothing arrived at Tanney town, a distance of 50 miles, & here slept.

Saturday, 21st. Rose at daybreak, & set out immediately. Had ridden about 5 miles when it commenced raining, & continued to rain all day. Nevertheless, rode 42 miles, & put up at Burn's, at sunset, within 8 miles of Baltimore.

Sunday, 22nd. Up as soon as could be, & pushed on for Baltimore, where I arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning. Had but just put up at Starrik's, when there came on a violent gust of snow & hail which lasted fifteen minutes. I was glad to be comfortably housed.

Monday, 23d. Find fatigue is almost wearing me out. Feather beds seem likely to finish what influenza

began; & there has been a violent attack on my poor shattered lungs. Hope to feel better tomorrow, when I shall be expecting the wagons. Dined today with Mr. Crosby, the dishes being salt-fish & roast chickens.

Tuesday, 24th. This is the fortieth anniversary since my lungs began to blow; and now it is very certain they are much out of repair. Feather beds & ropy air prove to be too much for them. I have great reason for thankfulness that I have been preserved so many years, through all I have gone through. Spent the evening with my friends at Mr. Crosby's.

Wednesday, 25th. My wagons did not arrive till 12 o'clock. Still unwell. Impatience has got strong hold upon me. Signs of an approaching storm, sky wild & angry, the tides swell, & every bone & every old scar & wound announce the approaching war of elements. The results of my summer's work are lying unloaded on the wharf; & it is quite uncertain whether I can get them on board the only vessel now in Baltimore bound for Boston. I am under the necessity of being in Philadelphia in two days to receive my other wagon; & tomorrow is Thanksgiving day throughout the states. A pretty situation for a man who is sick enough to be abed. But I rely on Him who never fails the man who tries to do his duty. My faith does not fail me that I shall yet accomplish all these things.

Thursday, 26th. The last night exceedingly stormy; and a wearisome night was appointed unto me. This morning by no means favorable to travellers. If I wait till the storm is over, I have a prospect of company to Philadelphia; and on all accounts I believe it is prudent I should. But disappointment in regard to my plans prevents all enjoyment. At 12 the rain abated, & I set off. Rode 13 miles to Skerrett's, when it came on to rain again. Dinner being ready, we stopt over. As it continued to rain hard, & Gunpowder Falls were impassable, we staid all night.

Friday, 27th. Rose early, & with difficulty got across those ugly dangerous falls. Breakfast at Bush town; thence rode 12 miles to the Susquehanna, and dined. The tides were tremendously high yesterday, [but] had run out so low, & the wind was so very strong down the river, both boats were fast aground. We could not cross till sunset. We then crossed 6 miles to Charlestown, where we slept. In crossing the Susquehanna my friend's horse jumped overboard. Previous to that mishap I had lent him my blanket & surcingle; and both accordingly got wet through.

Saturday, 28th. Rose at 5 o'clock, A. M. and, using all the art & industry I was master of, got away at a $\frac{1}{4}$ after 6, it being still dark as night & very lowery. After riding about two miles in the dark, became suspicious, from the way in which the wind struck me, that I was wrong. Soon came to a little hut, where I hailed. The people inside answered, that I was astray. Turned about, and with the loss of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, recovered the right ground, & stood for Philadelphia, where I arrived at 9 o'clock, much fatigued, after a ride of $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in a thick fog. Forgot to mention in the proper place, that the name of my companion from Baltimore is Lowell (?) from London, a worthy good man, of about fifty years of age. He & I together met with many difficulties by reason of floods, and the almost total desertion of the Susquehanna waters [of their usual channels.] The poor man was so fatigued with riding 40 miles, & his saddle chafed him so badly that I lent him my blanket & surcingle to ease him somewhat; but in crossing the ferry his horse got overboard; & all his baggage, my blanket included, got wet. Yesterday, early in the morning, he met his wife & family, travelling, Baltimore-wards, in the stage. A fortunate circumstance for him, as he was nearly beat out, and was going to Philadelphia to fetch them. He proved to be a man of rather more feeling than usual; for, on

parting with me, he wept, thinking of the variety of scenes we had passed through together, & in so short a time.

I performed the rest of the journey with diligence. Rode through the State of Delaware, with the usual traveller's experience, eating, drinking, oating. Just as I was out of it, 6 miles beyond Chester, at a quarter of a mile's distance, I observed a great concourse of people, at the other end of the plain; & soon was met by two boys & some men leading out a couple of fine looking horses for a race. I expected them soon after me, & under some apprehensions of a mishap in that case, crowded sail to get out of the way. I had but just joined the crowd when the two boys, mounted on the steeds, began the race; and, in less than a minute, one of them had his brains dashed out against a tree. Thus ended the horse race & the life-race both together. Good God! what can be more uncertain than this human life!

Sunday, 29th. Kept house all day at Nickols's, in Market st. sign of the sign of Connastago wagon. I expected to find my wagon waiting for me; but as I was obliged—dot 'em—to wait for them, this did not prove a particularly comfortable or edifying day.

Monday, 30th. Having a mattress to sleep on, had a good night's rest, & rose something brighter than usual. Found my wagon arrived. Went to the post-office & found letters both from my partner & from my friend, for which I here record my thanks. Have been busy all day in unloading my wagon, settling with the wagoners, & looking up purchasers for the load they brought. Think I shall find a middling market for my skins. Also found that there were two schooners in port belonging to Boston, owned by E. Parsons. In one of them I intend to send some freight.

Tuesday, 1st December. Rose with so severe a head ache that at 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was obliged

to quit business; having sold all my skins & furs; and settled with McCall, having paid him £25" 0s" 9d for one load from Wheeling to Philadelphia. I have bought about 1000 lbs sang for deer skins, pound for pound. I should nearly have completed my business in this place, if my head had not been full of pain. I am quartered in a noisy house, where are sixteen members of Convention, besides the usual transient custom.

Wednesday, 2nd. Pleasant weather. This day settled all my business in Philadelphia.

Thursday, 3rd. Rose in the morning, undetermined whether to set out or not, but at 10 o'clock the spirit moved too strongly to be resisted, & I budged; the idea of being homeward bound adding fresh strength to man and horse; and by half past 5 had ridden 37 miles, and put up at Maidenhead. It has been very windy & cold all day, & it was with difficulty I crossed the Delaware.

Friday, 4th. Rose at 5 o'clock, & by 6 was started. Kept constantly in motion, except one hour at breakfast, & half an hour to oat at 2 o'clock. Made out to ride 46 miles, & slept at Elizabeth's town. The day has been cold & windy.

Saturday, 5th. Was up at 6 o'clock, and as soon as the day broke was on the road. Arrived at Newark, 6 miles, it was so cold I stopped & took breakfast; & then was off again on my last stage to New York. Was detained one & half hours at the three ferries, and arrived in the city at 12. When half way over the North river, it came on to snow, and continued snowing till evening, when it turned to rain.

Sunday, 6th. A fine clear day. My breeches have such holes at the knees that I hold myself excused from going to meeting; but this is no excuse for not keeping the day as it ought to be kept, namely as a day of rest. Am lodged in a house resembling Noah's ark, in one respect certainly, inasmuch as it is filled

with all sorts of creatures. Shall quit as soon as I can.

Monday, 7th. Day employed in settling with Col Richard Platt. Called on Mr. Thompson, in whose hands I left several notes for collection. He had entered suit against S—— K——, & will be able to receive the money in January. Passed this city of New York as it were in review before me, in its business aspects that is. A hive of bees seems to be the suitable emblem by which to describe it.—a hive in the summer, when Nature has decked the earth with all kinds of flowers, & the bees do not work without their pay: neither will these New Yorkers, for they will not hand you over something for nothing—not even civility—unless they get back their quid pro quo in profit. All Yankees who resort hither, & mind their own business, find their account in it.

Tuesday, 8th. At 10 o'clock, A. M. left New York, & rode the first stage of 20 miles; then oated my horse, & refreshed myself. Thence on to Horse-neck. Am once more in the land of abundant stone-wall, and of large droves of fat hogs; where, moreover, the women, besides having handsome faces, wear blue stockings & ride on pillions. A windy day & cold this has been.

Wednesday, 9th. Rose at 6 o'clock, & started on my journey immediately. A cold stinging morning; and the roads not only very hilly & stony, but also very rough & hobbly. I nevertheless made out to ride 37 miles to Stratford. Find I have taken a bad cold, & am almost sick.

Thursday, 10th. Rose at day-break, and a little before sunrise started. Rode two miles to the Housatonic river, got up the ferryman, & crossed; kept on to New Haven, & there breakfasted at 11 o'clock. The morning cold & frosty, & the road very hobbly. Made out a ride of 42 miles, & slept at Fuller's in Berlin. Far from well all day, am feverish, am all but sick, believe I may say—quite.

Friday, 11th. Rose at the usual hour, rode to Wethersfield, & breakfasted at H. May's. He went on with me to Hartford see his daughter Sh—— [or to see his daughter's children?] Had not been there more than an hour before it set in to rain, & continued raining heavily all day & night, but cleared away in the morning, leaving the roads muddy exceedingly.

Saturday, 12th. Left Hartford at 10 o'clock. It was a very cold windy day, but I made out to ride to Ashford by the time it was dark.

Sunday, 13th. Was up at the dawn of day, after a night of but little sleep; & was off by 7 o'clock. It was a cold stinging morning, and the road all hillocks & holes, slippery with ice, & broken with hobbles. It took four hours to go to my brother's, in which time suffered much from cold, as I had to creep along with patience almost exhausted.

Monday, 14th. At Pomfret today. Went on foot to S. E. Williams's, but he was gone to town meeting. So I kept on to the meeting house, did my business with him, and returned to sister Sabin's at 1 o'clock, & there dined at 2. After that paid a visit to sister Silas, & slept there. Since Tuesday last, have been quite unwell, & have had but little sleep.

Tuesday, 15th. Breakfasted at Pomfret, and at 10 o'clock, A. M. set out on my last division for Boston. Found the roads as bad as usual. With only one hour's cessation rode till dark, arrived at Ammidon's, & slept.

Wednesday, 16th. Rose early, & by diligent travelling arrived at Boston at 5 o'clock, P. M. with a thankful heart, and mind immensely relieved. Found the dear family in a good condition of health, and I believe as glad to see me as I was to see them. It was pleasant, most pleasant, to see them where they were—in old Boston; but—truth to tell—I should prefer to see them all together in that beautiful land of abundance from which I came, where in time industry is sure to be as profitable as it is honorable.